

Bellefonte



Republican.

Established in 1869.

"Let us see to it that a Government, of the People, for the People, and by the People, shall not perish from the Earth."—A. LINCOLN.

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Bellefonte Republican.

By EDWARD T. TUTEN.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—No communication published unless accompanied by the real name of the writer.
Correspondents should write upon but one side of the paper, and avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

EDITORIAL BRIEFS.

SOME Christmas trees were trimmed on Sunday night.

MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH continues to write books, and there is still some hope for the average school girl.

EX-SENATOR CONKLING made a \$50,000 fee in the Supreme Court a few days ago. His words should have been golden.

OSCAR WILDE sailed for Europe on Wednesday, the 27th. Farewell, Oscar; may your voyage over the Wilde waves be accomplished in safety. It would not do for you to become food for the fishes.

CAMBRIDGE, a wealthy Massachusetts city, is not making much progress in the attempt to get people in general to contribute to a park because Longfellow lived there. Only \$7,000 out of the \$100,000 needed has been raised.

OUR Democratic friends who so lustily proclaimed that the organization of new G. A. R. Posts was only a Republican campaign measure will be somewhat staggered at the announcement that a new Post was organized at Belleville, Millin county, the other day, and that Post No. 261 at Milesburg is mustering recruits at the rate of four at each meeting. There is no political battle to fight at present.

THE telegram which tells of Indians at war with each other over matters which grew out of the late Rebellion reads—to say the least—peculiar. Why the Chicote tribe should attempt to wreck vengeance on the Cherokees, or vice versa, because of loyalty or disloyalty during the war is difficult to imagine. Truly, they are more revengeful than the "pale faces," as the latter have already forgiven the hard hits and worse threats of that dark period.

THE decision of the supreme court has revived the ancient land claim mania to a great extent. Pittsburgh parties are preparing to eject the seat of government from Washington, and descendants of the Piankeshaws are going for the greater part of Chicago. We shall doubtless here more of the Jennings estate, and of the heirs of Anneke Jans, in New York. All this, however, is encouraging to the French spoliation claimants and the upholder of the inevitable McGarragan.

THE route of a Philadelphia letter-carrier Christmas morning took him to the house of an elderly invalid who had no sooner received her mail than she thrust into his hands without a word of explanation two one hundred dollar greenbacks. The lucky postman withdrew in a state of consternation from which he has not yet recovered. But he retains sufficient possession of his faculties to hope fervently that his route will not be changed during the coming year.

IT appears from official statistics, which, as we all know, cannot lie, that no fewer than ninety-six million gallons of lager beer were consumed in the United States during the year 1881, representing an expenditure of twenty-six million dollars or thereabouts. If the people who drank that beer and spent that money had saved their nickels every time, they would probably have been better off to-day than they find themselves, but then they would not have had such a good time, and what would have become of the brewers had such abstinence been practiced? As men will drink something that cheers and does inebriate, it is eminently satisfactory that they should give beer the preference over whiskey or any other spirituous liquor.

Crime at Christmas Time.

Time was, remarks the Philadelphia Press, when the promise of a green Christmas—a fat graveyard—had the whole year to prove itself. As befits an age of electric innovation, however, the promise and the event are now simultaneous. The graves that have been dug since Christmas Eve have made multitudes of churchyards fat. If the statistics of murder, suicide and accidental death during the past few days were accessible, it would be found that human passion, drink, insanity, wickedness and what-not, have been almost as destructive to life as some well-contested battles. In the appalling list there are recorded some of the most shocking tragedies of the year. It is not without significance that much of this holiday holocaust is identified with our own State.

The list, as presented from day to day, is worth studying, not as a gratification of the morbid impulse in human nature, but rather as a means of fixing the cause and, if possible, checking this waste of life. Lachaud, the eminent French criminal jurist, who has just passed away, gave some testimony on the point after the conclusion of a celebrated case in Paris. He gave it as his experience, that the escape of any very noted criminal, whether through the kindly impulse of the jury, the defects of the law, or the intervention of the pardoning power, was followed by an outbreak of very nearly similar crimes to those that had escaped the reach of the law. That this is true, the present epidemic of crime is another corroboration. In several recent instances, men and women guilty of open, odious and cold-blooded murder, have on one pretext or another escaped the penalties of the law. Indeed, it is impossible to convict a woman, no matter how clearly her crime be proven. In the case of men it is almost as difficult. The pistol, as a consequence, is almost entirely re-established as a personal ornament. Men cannot risk the slightest misunderstanding without counting on the chances of a bullet as the final arbiter in the dispute.

Nor is the South the only singer in this revival of California methods. While life is held of little account among those who "move in the best circles" in that part of the country, it will be remarked that crime in the South is not brought about by the same processes as in the North. It is only among the best families that murder is an habitual and apparently tolerated expression of personal hostility. The number of murders among well-to-do or working men is comparatively small. Among us there is rarely a night that the great cities do not have a tragedy to record. The extraordinary increase of these outbreaks at this time is assignable only to one cause, recent laxities in the application of justice and the enforcement of the law. One unpunished murder breeds ten, and we have of late made murder little more than a misdemeanor.

Pennsylvania's Debt.

Governor Hoyt announces a net reduction of the State Debt during the past year of \$915,184, which is \$665,184 more than the amount required by the Constitution. The whole State debt is thus reduced to about nineteen million of dollars, against which there is an offset of securities worth nearly seven million, making the net debt of the State not more than twelve millions. When the Democratic Governor of Pennsylvania went out of office the debt was about forty millions. A succession of Republican administrations has been steadily reducing this amount. In 1850, when the debt was nearly forty-one millions, the population was only 2,311,786. Now the population is fully four and a half millions. It has taken over thirty years of honest and prudent administration by Republicans to

effect this mitigation of the people's burdens of debt and also of taxation. In this long period there were seasons of financial distress, some of them caused by the opponents of protection; and the part performed by Pennsylvania in the suppression of the Southern rebellion, promoted by Democrats, made it necessary for the Commonwealth to borrow largely and at high rates of interest. Without such interruptions as these, the whole debt might have been extinguished by this time.

Pennsylvania, with her greatly augmented population and resources, could now bear a debt of forty or more millions of dollars better than it could at any time between 1840 and 1857, when it first went below that figure. The present debt of only twelve millions is comparatively insignificant. Mr. Pattison, the Governor-elect, will enter upon his duties under most favorable financial auspices, thanks to the Republicans who began and carried on the diminution of the debt to its present small figure. If he adheres to his pledges of an economical administration, the reduction may be continued, but, of course, with a Democratic administration such a wise course is doubtful, although we can but hope for the best.

Cost of Education.

Dr. E. E. Higbee, who was to have been present at the annual gathering of Centre County Teachers' Institute last week, but, for some reason, failed to put in an appearance, fills the very important and responsible position of superintendent of public instruction in this State. He is performing the duties of the office in a very satisfactory manner. His report for the year has already been made out and is an able educational paper. After referring to the great good accomplished by the public school system in this State, it says, briefly: "Carefully compiled statistics show that the average cost per month of a child for tuition in our public schools, including salary of teachers and pay for fuel, is found to be only seventy-eight cents, excluding Philadelphia. Taking the whole expenditure of \$6,657,348 (not including Philadelphia) and dividing it by the total average attendance, and the total average number of months the schools are in session, and the average cost per month is something below two dollars. The report states that there are 2,215 school districts in the state, with 19,183 schools. The graded schools number 7,812, with 15,625 school directors, 102 superintendents, 9,051 male and 12,778 female teachers. The number of pupils is stated to be 945,345 with an average attendance 611,317. The cost of tuition is \$4,863,717.91, cost of buildings, purchasing and renting, \$1,229,232; expenditures of all kinds, \$8,263,244, of which the state appropriates \$1,000,000. The value of property is estimated at \$28,341,560."

The superintendent states that "the average length of time that our schools are in session during the year is steadily increasing. It has now reached nearly seven months. This, however, is certainly a very brief period, both for pupils and teachers. In many sections, also, the vicious practice of making two terms almost destroys the moulding power of the teacher's presence, and character upon the children. To encourage an increase in time of service, so necessary for the general prosperity of the work, the law fixing the minimum time of five months should be amended so as to make this time six months, and, if possible, have these continuous."

The state normal schools are referred to as a necessity as a part of the educational work of the state and, also, that every effort should be made in the examination of those graduating from these schools to be teachers to secure great thoroughness.

Obituary—"Happy New Year."

It died on Sunday night—just as the old town clock trembled on the last stroke of twelve the final breath was drawn. Clouds flecked the eastern sky and the pale moonbeams lingered in the East just as the expiring breath came forth. We will never see 1882 again. There will be no funeral, although solemn sermons will be preached from a thousand pulpits and as many voices will sing its requiem. Each year is the mother of its successor, and Old Time is the father of all. There is only one offense for which we cannot forgive 1882. That political revolution was unpardonable; but in all other ways we have been well treated. Good health, high spirits and contentment are blessings enough for any one; and these and more than these have been ours during the year which has passed into history. The year has been on a par with former years in the events which make history and in scientific progress. England has subdued Egypt and the telephone has grown in popular favor and useful development. The ancient Egyptian art of mummifying dead bodies will perhaps be revived by chemical discoveries made during the year and accurate observations were taken during the transit of Venus to solve the problems of the heavens. The hundreds of other useful discoveries which have been made by scientists are better known to those interested in such subjects than to ourselves. As the clouds of winter hide from view the heavens so let us draw a veil over the past and turn to welcome the proud new year which looked upon us with the first light of this morning's sun.

With a quick and rapid stride the year of 1883 comes forth, breathing joy with every breath. There is no hesitancy in its onward progress; no gloom darkens its bright face. Hope for the future is depicted on every lineament of a countenance which is pleasant to look upon.

A single glance is sufficient to tell us that it will be a signal year in the world's history. Those who believe that the world has reached the zenith of its civilization, wisdom and power can take the beam out of their eyes and expect great things. The world moves; this fact is true not only of the natural sphere in its relation to the sun and other heavenly bodies, but in its development of all that is to be desired in life. Ah, the wonders that are in store for the underserving mortals who inhabit this terrestrial sphere can not be imagined now; but they will develop to our understanding and view as the years move onward. Let us watch and wait; making the year as useful, as bright and as interesting to others as is possible. "A Happy New Year."

MRS. GARFIELD is now living in her new home in Cleveland—a plain, unpretentious, but cheery and attractive house. The mother of the late President and the wife of Dr. Boynton are spending the winter with her. She is said to be now looking much better than she has before since her bereavement, although marks of age, care and sorrow are fixed upon her face. She is often visited by artists competing for the \$10,000 prize offered by the Ohio Legislature for the best bust of Garfield, to seek her approval of their work. When one of them called on her a few days ago, writes a correspondent who accompanied him, Mrs. Garfield gave the bust a quick, sidelong glance, and then approaching it closer looked at it steadily and in a most critical manner for several moments. Then she spoke: "It looks far more like Stanley Matthews," and then, after another inspection: "No, I can't say that it resembles the General to any great extent," and the disappointed artist sadly withdrew.

This year is a peculiar one in some respects. For instance: the girl born this year will probably not be married before the year 1,900.

Tobacco Production in Lancaster County.

Lancaster county enjoys the proud distinction of being the greatest tobacco producing county in the United States, the annual product ranging from 12,000,000 to 20,000,000 pounds, according to the productiveness of the season. This industry, which dates back to 1825 or thereabouts, has become one of the leading agricultural interests of the county, the value of the annual crop varying from \$1,500,000 to \$3,000,000 according to the quantity and price. Unlike the tobacco farmers of the Southern States, the Lancaster tobacco growers pay especial attention to the subject of fertilizing the land devoted to this crop, paying nearly as much for manure as for labor, machinery, harvesting, stripping and marketing. The good result of this wise expenditure is apparent. The soil of the Lancaster tobacco farms grows richer every year, while that of many of the Southern tobacco districts has been totally impoverished. The business is very lucrative, the net profits ranging from \$100 to \$500 per acre. The scene in Lancaster City on one of the receiving days, when the farmers bring in their tobacco to the warehouses, is very animated. As high as 1,500,000 pounds have been received in a single day, for the payment of which the various banks cashed checks to the amount of a quarter of a million of dollars. Lancaster city is said to be the largest market for seed-leaf tobacco in the United States except the single city of New York. It has seventy-five packing houses and over one hundred firms are engaged in the business of buying and packing. Three-fourths of all the tobacco grown in the State is marketed as well as much of the crop of Wisconsin, New York and Connecticut.

ARABI, on being brought into the court to receive his sentence, walked to the dock with a firm step. He looked pale, and occasionally, betrayed emotion by the quivering of the lip. He was wonderfully changed, says a correspondent, almost, indeed, so as to be past recognition, since seven months before, when he was at the zenith of his power. He had lost much flesh, and had grown a long gray beard. After sentence had been pronounced he walked back to his prison with an indifferent air, receiving on the way a handsome bouquet of roses from the wife of one of his counsel.

UTAH again asks Congress to admit it into the Union as a State, and at the same time the people of Nevada are seeking to relieve themselves from some of the burdens incident to a State government and a sparse population. The latter wish to change their constitution, the people of Utah wish to adopt one. Were the Mormon question out of the way Utah could make a good claim to admission, as it has a population equal to the congressional ratio of representation. Nevada on the other hand has less than one-half that population.

THE navy department asks for appropriations of \$23,481,078 and some odd cents, though what good use the money can be put to heaven only knows. The money might as well be thrown into the sea as sunk in the so-called navy. If we have a navy at all, if we have fighting ships we should have those capable of fighting English, Chilian or Italian vessels as well as canal boats. The money that has been absolutely wasted in the navy department within a few years would buy a whole fleet of first class iron clads.

THE industrial and mining exhibition at Denver, Col., last August and September, was so far successful as to induce the association to utilize the great building which housed it by repeating the exhibition next year from July 17 to October 1.

M. GAMBETTA is ill.

GENERAL NOTES.

On Saturday night, in Savannah, a skyrocket put out a girl's eye.

A pound and a half babe in Lafayette, Ind., is nevertheless lively.

Montana claims to have one million cattle grazing on her plains.

One hundred divorces were granted in a day at Seattle, W. T., recently.

The latest place to have a shower of worms is Huntington county, Indiana.

An Indiana man who got typhoid fever in a damp jail, wants \$10,000 damages.

A ghost that does a double-shuffle haunts Wolf Trap beacon, in the Chesapeake.

A gray eagle nosing around an Ohio henery was promptly guzzled by a bull-dog.

A Rochester breeze the other day whisked Miss Lynch's costly \$12 bonnet into the river, irrevocably.

There are said to be sixty grave yards in Philadelphia. No wonder Mr. Childs, A. M., is kept busy.

An Illinois mathematician has computed the average attendance in graded schools to be much above that in ungraded ones.

A recent trial has elicited the fact that many German girls cultivate their hair for sale. Really fine hair fetches \$5 an ounce.

San Francisco could boast, if desirable, of hundreds of California Chinese born children and a few of them old enough to vote.

An English visitor to America writes to the Manchester Examiner that he ate the best dinner of his life in a New York club.

The Signorina Giollini, who is mentioned in the Italian newspapers as a new singer of promise, is Margaret Johnson, of Cincinnati.

A grouse that was killed on Pine creek, Baker county, Oregon, recently, had pieces of gold-bearing quartz of an aggregate value of fifty cents in its gizzard.

A young woman teaching in a public school in Bloomington, Ill., is in trouble because she stripped off a boy's shirt and whipped his bare back with a rawhide.

A large number of Chinese railroad hands on the Oregon and California road have been poisoned by the poison oak and several deaths have taken place, according to a Chinese physician.

The notable thing about Charles Pease, who died at Somers, Conn., was that for years he had taken with daily exactitude three drinks of whiskey, three cups of strong tea, and a goodly pill of opium.

Canada is to have a double postcard, so arranged as to afford the sender the means of accompanying the communication with a blank reply card, stamped, and only to be detached to be ready for use. They will cost two cents.

A traveller of pugilistic aspect was mistaken for Tug Wilson at Paducah, Ky., and he allowed himself to be dined, wine and lionized; but when a bruiser was brought forward to fight with him he confessed that he was a fraud.

Narrow-chested and soft-armed students at Harvard are coming to the front in the new Hemenway gymnasium. They are contestants for the prizes offered to the men achieving the best general development of muscle and form during the year.

A horse ran away with a wagon in which sat a little child, at La Salle, Ill., and people on the street were greatly excited. A man dashed out with a long board, intending to stop the horse by striking it on the head, but the beast dodged it, and the child received its full force, and was knocked out of the vehicle, with an arm and its nose broken.

Chief Justice Sharswood of Pennsylvania said, in a speech at a Philadelphia banquet, given in honor of his retirement from the bench: "Indeed, it may be questioned whether great learning is a desirable quality in a Judge. He is apt to wish to display it on all occasions, by elaborate and tedious opinions, and delivering charges unintelligibly to juries."

Poetry.

SANKARA.

From Indian lands Sankara strayed;
Gray was his head with locks of age;
On many a volume had he laid
Those piercing eyes, until each page
To the learned Brahmin seemed to yield
Some mystery never yet revealed.

Deep in the Vedas had he read;
In contemplation had he spent
Long weary hours among the dead;
With constant prayer his form grew bent;
No rest had Sankara's follower known;
He lived in worship and alone.

Once wandered he on Christian strand
When myriad bells their music rang,
And loud reechoed through the land
The wondrous song the angels sang.
"What means the mirth, I see to-day?"
Sankara bade his neighbor say.

The throng about him gathered wide,
With joyful smile each lip was drest;
A thousand eager tongues replied,
"The Christ-child lies on Mary's breast,
In Judah's land our Lord is born,
We worship Him this Christmas morn."

"The Christ the Romans crucified?"
The Brahmin asked in sneering tone.
"Now let me dwell on Him who died,
And made the Cross a kingly throne.
One thought alone the wild world charms—
The Christ-child lies on Mary's arms."

Eastward Sankara thoughtfully turned,
A god-like Brahmin, the Christians own;
No income on his altars burned,
And not to him was homage shown;
They worshipped, as they laughed and smiled,
A Woman and a little Child.

Well, have ye read, Sankara wise;
Low bending from His throne above,
Our God has worked this sacrifice
And wondrous miracle of love.
O world redeeming mystery,
The Christ-child lies on Mary's knee!

Sankara, a leading Brahminical teacher, re-
solved for his piety and opposition to the
atheistical schools of Kapila and other Hindu
philosophers.—Harper's Christmas.

THE GREAT LONE LAND.

I wandered alone and afar
On the plains of the north, and my eye
Was caught by the blaze of a star
That shot through the piteous sky.

The coldness of death was below,
The stillness of death in the air,
Save that over the wild waste of snow,
The wolf poured his howl of despair.

And stricken and weary I trod,
Scarce daring to gaze into space,
Till the pitiful mercy of God,
Came falling in tears on my face.

But the meteor had passed and was gone!
Ah, whether in vain shall I seek?
I stand in the dread night alone,
And the voice of my soul strives to speak:

But it falters, and falls back unspoken,
And dies like a wisp of smoke in the air,
The God-light of life are all broken,
And I am a wreck like the star!

Our Story Teller.

Maid-Of-All-Work.

Rachel Ramsay looked very pretty, indeed, as she came down the narrow wooden staircase of the little brown farm house that afternoon, dressed in a white muslin dress, strewn all over with tiny pink roses, and a fresh lace frill around her neck, tied with pink ribbon, while her pretty feet were buttoned into a new pair of boots, with high French heels, and her hair was curled in loose, glossy coils of shining bronze.

"Eh!" said Granny Ramsay, looking up from her everlasting knitting work, over which she was half asleep; "goir' to church, hey?" "It isn't Sunday, grandma," explained the girl laughing and coloring, "I'm going to the Tower, to see Miss Calhoun. She has often invited me there—she and Miss Bell."

"Pshaw!" said Granny Ramsay, who was one of those venerable people privileged to speak their mind on all occasions; "what do the fine city ladies at the Tower want of a farmer's daughter like you?" "But, grandma, they've invited me!"

"It reminds me," said grandma, shrewdly, "of the old story of the iron pot and the china pot swimming down stream together; and they didn't no wise suit."

Rachel said no more, but escaped out into the shady lane where the maples were beginning to turn pale yellow in the first September frosts.

"Grandma is always criticising everybody," she thought. "I know the ladies at the tower will be glad to see me. Miss Alice wants to sketch my head for 'Elaine,' and Miss Belle asked me to sing duets with her. She said I had a voice like a lark. And perhaps Mr. Howard Haroldson will be there! For I know he often visits at the house."

And Rachel smiled to herself as she crossed the rustic bridge and went thro' the woods to the Tower, a fantastic wooden cottage with a semi-circular front, which was let for the summer, the owner preferring to live in a square brick structure in the village.

The little side door was open and Rachel went in. From the left of the passage way a door opened into the kitchen, and there, to her infinite amazement, she saw Miss Alice Calhoun herself, in an aesthetic dress of pale sage green, and roses in her hair, contemplating a pair of decapitated fowls which lay on the table.

"Miss Alice!" she exclaimed. "Is it you, Rachel?" exclaimed the city young lady, pouncing on her as a drowning man pounces on the nearest floating straw. "Oh, never was I so glad to see any one in my life! Those horrid hens! Bridget has gone away in a rage because I presumed to find fault with the coffee this morning, and we have company to dinner, and I haven't an idea how to get the fowls off these creatures. But now that you are here, everything will be right."

And she took off the big bib apron, and stepped back, with a sigh of relief. Rachel looked perplexed. She had come there, not to enact the role of kitchen maid, but to visit Miss Calhoun, to sit in her drawing-room and enjoy the conversation of the guests, and she did not exactly

relish this summary dismissal to the kitchen.

"There is a soup stock," went on Miss Alice, "and a salad, and a delicate piece of ham, with the fowls roasted, and with a pudding or something which I dare say you can make, we shall do very nicely. I'm particularly anxious about the dinner, because we are to have company. You'll excuse me now, because I have to dress."

And away she went into the kitchen skipping and smiling as ever.

Poor Rachel! She stood a minute in the hot kitchen, the tears springing to her eyes, a pang of disappointment at her heart. She knew all about it. Harold Haroldson and Mr. Dallas were to dine there that day, and she—she was to be cook, waitress, maid-of-all-work—what signified it what she called herself? She remembered what grandma had said, and for once in her life gave that venerable lady credit for discrimination.

There was no help for it, however. She tied on the bib apron, tucked the curls back of her ears, and went to work to prepare the chickens for the roasting pan, now and then pausing to brush away the round bright tears which rolled down her cheeks.

These young ladies evidently intend to make her useful. She might have known that they did before-hand. She could hear the soft sound of Bell Calhoun's guitar; the sweet, subdued tinkle of Alice's laughter; the deep monotonous undercurrent of gentlemen's voices, and then she glanced down at her pretty muslin dress and bows of pink ribbon, and began to think that Miss Calhoun had taken an unfair advantage of her.

If she could only have heard the rapid and energetic colloquy which transpired between the two sisters in their dressing room when first Alice came up-stairs, she would perhaps have better comprehended the drift of things.

"Good news!" Miss Calhoun had cried waving her scented pocket handkerchief in the air. "I've got a girl in the kitchen!"

"No!" said Miss Bell, a fair-headed, cream-complexioned damsel, with pale-blue eyes and a perpetual smile.

"Rachel Ramsay," nodded Alice, "come up here, in her best bib and tucker, to spend the day. Of course I confiscated her at once."

"The bold, pushing thing," said Bell, with a disdainful gesture.

"She's a deal too pretty to bring into the drawing room for Haroldson and Armin Dallas to flirt with," added Miss Alice, knowingly. "And I don't see any way that I could have avoided it if it hadn't been for those lucky chickens and Bridget's fortunate fit of temper. Make haste now. They'll be here in a minute. And I know little Rachel is a first-class cook, for I've been there to tea."

So the young ladies of the Tower were enjoying the feast of reason and the flow of soul in their cool drawing room with books, new-gathered roses and blue-ribboned guitars, while poor Rachel Ramsay was broiling in the kitchen over peach tarts and Neapolitan creams. She had forgotten her disappointment, but, artist-like, she had thrown herself into her occupation with engrossing interest, and she was stirring the creams with a quick, energetic hand, when a step crossed the threshold.

"Here are some fresh trout, Bridget, to surprise your mistress," said a clear voice.

And to her infinite amazement, Harold Haroldson stood before her, in his hunting costume, with a fishing rod lightly balanced on his shoulder.

"I'm not Bridget," said the girl, laughing, but still stirring on. "I'm Rachel."

"Miss Ramsay," he exclaimed, lifting his cap. "How in the name of all that is wonderful came you here?"

And then, not without humor, Rachel detailed the manner and incidents of her capture.

"I am the maid-of-all-work, if you please," she said, with a courtesy.

"Then let me help you," said Mr. Haroldson, briskly tying on a second bib apron around his hunting suit. "I used to be a pretty good hand at spider and gridiron when I camped out on Lake Okauchip, up in Maine."

"But you're not engaged," said Rachel, half pleased, half frightened.

"I can volunteer," observed the young man. "Give me the oil and vinegar, and you will see what a dressing a la mayonnaise, I can provide for that salad of yours."

And if ever a pair of cooks spent a delightful, unconventional sort of a morning in the kitchen, this pair did.

They laughed, they made innocent jokes, they behaved like two children.

And at last, when Rachel had run into the garden to gather some water cresses to deck the newly roasted fowls, Mr. Haroldson heard the voice of Miss Belle Calhoun calling down the stairway:

"Rachel! Rachel! you may serve the dinner. Every one is here but that tiresome Haroldson!"

"And he's here, too," calmly responded that gentleman, who was washing his hands at the pump.

"What!" cried Bell, shrilly.

"The cook and butler are expected to take their meals in the kitchen," said Mr. Haroldson, with commendable gravity. "And I've no objection whatever to that arrangement."

And nothing could induce Harold Haroldson to come up to the dining-

room. He and Rachel ate their picknicking sort of repast, and washed the dishes—although the matter somewhat lost its spice when the Misses Calhoun and their company all adjourned, en masse, to the kitchen, and persisted in joining their ranks.

And when the purple sunset came dreamily down over the dark cedars that overhung the brawling stream, and the gay guests had all departed, Alice and Bell Calhoun gazed dubiously at each other.

"Was ever anything so provoking?" said Bell.

"He has actually gone home with her!" said Alice, bursting into angry tears.

"And after all the pains we took to keep them apart!" sighed Bell.

"It was all your fault!" petulantly exclaimed Alice. "Noticing that farmer's daughter, and dragging her out of her sphere in that sort of way!"

"But it was you that plumed yourself on getting her into the kitchen," scolded Bell. "And a nice mess you have made of it!"

"But how were we to tell that it was going to end so," moaned poor Alice.

"Well, Rachel," said Granny Ramsay, when the girl came in, just as the lamp was lighted, "what sort of a day did you have?"

"Oh, charming!" said Rachel. "I enjoyed myself more than ever I did before at the Tower, and I never went out of the kitchen. They had company, and I helped get dinner."

"Humph!" grunted granny. "That's a queer way of entertaining visitors. But p'raps that's city manners."

"Perhaps it is!" said Rachel demurely.

"Who was it that came home with you," asked granny, who was not quite deaf or blind as yet, "and left you at the garden gate?"

"One of the other servants," said Rachel.

"Well, I never!" said granny. "Where's all your pride, Rachel Ramsay?"

"I never was prouder in all my life than I am to-night!" said Rachel. "Listen, grandma, for I have so much to tell you. Mr. Harold Haroldson of New York, walked home with me; and I've met him ever so many times before this summer, at picnics and archery parties, and such places, but I never knew that he cared for me. And to-night he asked me to marry him, and he is to come here to-morrow morning to see father."

"Do you love him?" said Granny Ramsay, huskily; and Rachel answered:

"Yes."

"Then God bless you, child, and give you a long and happy life!" said the old lady, softly smoothing the girl's bright head.

And every one was satisfied, except the ladies at the Tower.

The Fighting Aristocracy.

Washington Correspondence.

There is a class here in Washington, and they may be found more or less scattered over the country, who are known as army and navy people. They make their money by killing other people. They get rather higher wages than the ordinary hangmen, probably because they take more lives than the hangman. Their business is homicide. Their trade is blood. The class has had, unfortunately, more or less importance in human history since the days of Amraphel, king of Shinar, when that mighty warrior, with three other martial kings, made war with the kings of Sodom and Gomorrah and their allies in the valley of Siddim. But, thanks to the new social forces of our modern, true civilization, the warrior is losing his glory, and will soon lose his bloody business.

In our social fabric there is, properly speaking, no such thing as "society," and the attempts of persons to make and maintain social grades, which are incidental only in countries governed by aristocratic institutions, are inevitably comic failures. But of all these attempts the most ridiculous is the claim, set up by the army and navy people, that they constitute a true aristocracy, and have, by reason of the profession of their male relatives, a patent to an informal nobility, which gives them the right to consider themselves an "extremely select circle."

I think I see myself in the west end of the capital requesting the pleasure of the society of one of those select young women at some public entertainment. She says: "if I belonged to the common people; if my father or mother simply made laws for the community or superintended the commercial intercourse of nations or directed the financial exchanges of the world I should be most happy to accompany you; but seeing that a member of my family has dedicated himself to the destruction of mankind, and kills such people in power happen to think should be slain, I must request you as a safeguard against impropriety on your part and and indiscretion on mine to buy another ticket for my old maid aunt."

Mrs. Blank had been telling of her first-born. He died when quite young, but he was a pattern of infantile perfection. "Mamma," said little Edith, after Mrs. Blank had concluded, "sometimes I wish I was dead." "For mercy's sake, what are you talking about, Edith?" cried the mother in astonishment. "Noffin," mamma, only I thought I might be a nice little girl if I was dead. Dead people's always so dood, you know."

"I aim to tell the truth." "Yes," interrupted an acquaintance, and you are probably the worst shot in America."

A Messenger Boy's Fortune.

The Standard Oil Company, the only concern in the world that is powerful enough to compel the combined trunk line railroads to do its bidding, demanding and receiving from them rates which made opposition impossible and crushed out every rival, has lately been beaten by a messenger boy. In the history of the Standard this is the only time it has ever been outwitted. Tom Scott, when alive and President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, was outgeneraled by the Standard. Vanderbilt and his allies were not a match for Rockefeller, and they were compelled to allow him rebates which enabled him to build up the greatest monopoly the world has ever known. When he got ready he laid a pipe line of his own from the oil regions to Cleveland in one direction, and from the oil regions to the seaboard in another direction, and then told the trunk line managers who had enriched him that they could go to that place where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched.

But this man with his millions has been outwitted by Mike Keating, sixteen years old, a messenger boy of the Western Union Telegraph Company at Oil City. Mike has been in the employ of the telegraph company since he was old enough to carry dispatches, and nearly all of this time he has been in the Oil Exchange at Oil City, carrying messages to and from the brokers.

The large operators in petroleum send their dispatches in cipher. The boy had carried so many messages sent by the Standard from its headquarters at Cleveland that he had unraveled the mystic characters and could read them like a printed page. Just prior to the recent extraordinary advance in the petroleum market, when the price jumped from 50 cents to \$1.30, Keating carried a number of telegrams to the Standard's brokers, ordering them to buy large blocks of oil. The monopoly had laid its plans to boom the market and its Oil City brokers were ordered to buy everything. "Buy half a million barrels," "buy a million barrels," "buy two million barrels," were the way these orders came in. They were riddles to all but the brokers who received them and Mike Keating, the messenger boy, who delivered them.

Keating, although a mere boy, knew something extraordinary was soon to happen. The market, which had been like a stagnant pool for a year, was already creeping up the scale. Orders for immense blocks of oil were still coming from the Standard's headquarters. There was no time to lose. But what could a boy do without a dollar in his pocket? Keating went to one of the largest operators on the floor of the exchange, outside of the Standard's agents, and told him he had a "pointer." The broker laughed at him. The boy's earnestness finally commanded attention and the broker agreed to his proposition, which was that the broker should furnish money for a "deal," if he was satisfied with the information, and divide the profits equally.

Then the shrewd messenger told the broker what he had and of the telegrams he had been carrying from the Standard's Cleveland office. The next message that fell into the boy's hands was carried secretly to the broker and translated. It was an order to buy everything that was offered. The broker probably swallowed to keep his heart down; anyway, he went back to the exchange and began to buy. He saw the Standard's agents buying right and left and was satisfied a big deal was in progress. He took everything he could get, until he had a round million barrels. The market was already jumping fast and his million barrels had been secured at an average cost of seventy-two cents. He was loaded to the guards. Orders to buy and to sell were pouring in from every quarter and the excitement was becoming intense. The market was still bounding upward, with the usual fluctuations. Every time the price advanced a cent or declined a cent the broker saw a profit or a loss of \$10,000. He kept his head, however, and when the market scored above eighty cents he began to unload. The Standard men were on hand to take everything, and he got rid of all his oil at an average price of 80 cents a barrel. He had bought at 72 and his profits were therefore eight cents a barrel or \$80,000 in all. He divided equally with Mike Keating, the messenger boy who had unraveled the Standard's cipher, according to agreement. It is well enough to remember that oil touched \$1.35 during the ten days' spurt, and if the broker had held on until the top was reached the profits of the two would have been \$630,000.

It goes without saying that the Standard Oil Company has a new cipher and one messenger boy is out of a job.

A Bit to Make the Mouth Water.

Delicious chocolate macaroons are made by melting slowly, and with care, three ounces of plain chocolate. A good way to melt it is to put it in a tin dish and set it within another containing hot water. Make a thick paste by stirring in gradually one pound of powdered sugar and the well-beaten white of three eggs, then spread or roll it as smooth as possible to a sheet about a quarter of an inch thick, cut it in small, round and fancy-shaped pieces; butter your tins and scatter a little flour and sugar over the bottom (use equal quantities of each) and lay the macaroons on. Bake in a hot oven, but avoid having it hot enough to scorch them.

"I believe you are a fool, John," testily exclaimed Mrs. Miggs as her husband unwittingly presented her the hot end of a potato dish, which she promptly dropped and broke.

"Yes," he added resignedly, "that's what the clerk told me when I went to take out my marriage license."

Nibbs—"The policeman in my neighborhood is a trump, I tell you. You can always find him walking his beat at night." Tibbs—"That's possible; he may be a somnambulist."

Perils of Upper Berths.

While sitting in the smoking-room of a palace-car, conversing with an acquaintance of mine from Brooklyn, the conductor dropped in and commenced an easy chat.

"Being a railroad man," he said, "it may be foolish in me to speak of it, but did you ever notice anything particularly dangerous about the upper berth in a Pullman sleeper?"

"No," I exclaimed, "and yet I have slept in them frequently; what do you mean?"

"Come here, and I will explain," was the reply, and leading the way into the car he let down one of the upper berths, and, putting aside the mattress, displayed its inner working.

"Now, to look at it," he said, "you would imagine this heavy bottom weighed fully a hundred pounds, yet so nicely is it balanced, the slightest pressure lift it up into its place. Give a mere push and it goes up as light as a feather. This is done by means of the strong coiled springs inside, which roll up the supporting berth chains. The work fits so closely that when shut the whole appears as one solid part of the car. If a man were to be shut up in one of these places it would be an air-tight tomb and he would die of suffocation."

"But it is possible to be shut in one of them?" I exclaimed, a shudder passing through me at the idea.

"Certainly," replied the conductor, grimly. "This lock, as you see, shuts with a spring. Push up the berth ever so gently, and the lock fastens automatically, with an almost imperceptible click. The lock is on the outside, and it would be utterly impossible to open it from within. Let the berth shut on a man and he will be smothered in less than ten minutes—would be flattened out between the berth and the roof of the car, gasping for breath."

"Is there nothing to prevent these berths from flying up?"

"They make only a pretence of it. This small wire cable is fastened to the berth floor and the lower end fitted by slots into the berth below. But a little jolting is enough to jerk these out of place, and then the slightest tipping of the car will send the berth flying up into its place, imprisoning the unconscious sleeper in the twinkling of an eye."

The conductor's story was very hair raising, and we all looked around at each other uneasily.

"If this thing is so dangerous, why don't we hear of some accidents?" I asked.

"You would hear of them if you looked in the right place. A case occurred not long ago, though fortunately not a fatal one. The car somehow jumped the rail, and the jolt caused one of the upper berths, whose wire fastening had come loose, to fly up in its place. A young man was sleeping in the berth, and as it happened, had his arm hanging over the side. The arm was pretty badly mashed, but it saved his life, for it kept the berth from entirely closing and gave him air until we came to his relief. It is becoming difficult now to sell upper berths."

Too Good for this World.

"I would like to have an advertisement inserted." This is a slogan that would resurrect a dead man behind a newspaper counter, and he clerk turned as if by an electric current, and ejaculated, "Yes, sir; want the top of the column, I s'pose?" "No; I am not particular," said the advertiser. "Want it inside, next to the leading editorial?" "Either page will answer," replied the other. "Want a cut of a death's head and marrow-bones or a sore leg to make it attractive, or a portrait of the advertiser with long hair and a turn-down shirt-collar?" "Clear type, black ink and white paper are good enough for me," was the response. "All right; want head line in type an inch longer than Jenkins' in next column, or will you have it put in upside down, or your name in crooked letters like forked lightning all over it?" "No; a plain, straightforward advertisement, in space of four inches, will answer my purpose." "Good enough. Want about ten inches of notice free, don't you? Family history; how your grandmother blacked Washington's boots once; mention of yourself as a member of a circulating library, church, fire company, co-operative store, base-ball club and other important public positions." The customer said he did not care for any notice. "Of course," said the clerk, "you want a free paper sent to each member of the firm, one for yourself, and the privilege of taking half a dozen copies of the counter every week for the next year or two because you advertise." The gentleman expected to pay for his paper, and asked the price of the advertisement. The delighted clerk figured it up, and then asked, "If we send the bill around in about a year, you can tell the boy when to call again, can't you?" "No; I will pay you now," said the other, taking out a roll of bills. The newspaper man's eyes bulged as he said: "Ah! you want to ask for seventy-five per cent. discount, and twenty-five per cent. off for cash?" "I am ready to pay a fair price for value received. Tell me your regular rates, and here is the money." A beatific expression spread over the wan face of the worn clerk, and he murmured, "Stranger, when did you come down? and when do you expect the apostles along?"

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All Sorts.

"Your language is wholly uncalled for," as the publishers told the author whose works failed to sell.

The man who pretends to hate a pun is the fellow who couldn't perpetrate one to save his neck.

In the days when victorious gladiators were crowned with leaves laurel came high, but they would have it.

Nantucket has a girl pilot only seventeen years old.—Boston Advertiser. And we'll wager that she is familiar with every buoy in the sound.

The difference between a tree and a dog is that the bark of the latter is more than skin deep. That is the reason why so few people find any beauty in it.

The worst about kissing a Pittsburgh girl is that you carry the marks of coal dust about your nose and other features until you reach the nearest pump.

A Chicago young man has a collection of five hundred pipes, no two alike. The youth is certainly "long" on pipes, but isn't he a little "short" on brains?

When they call at a house in Chicago to ask who is the head of the family, the woman draws herself up with grave and icy dignity, and answers: "I am, of course."

Some mean man says it would be a blessing to let women vote. He claims that while they were talking about politics they would not be gossiping about their neighbors.

And now I ask," said Mr. Talmage striking the Bible a heavy blow, "what is the distinctive features of to-day's religious press?" To clip without giving credit Mr. Talmage.

Absent mindedness has been considered the mark of a great man, but a fellow never feels very big about it when he lugs a napkin away from the table in his handkerchief pocket.

One of the saddest moments in life is when a man is looking through an old vest, and thinks he has found a ten-cent piece, which, when brought to light, turns out to be a cough lozenge.

A young man finds himself in a perplexing situation when he is unable to distinguish between the ten-cent cigar purchased for his own enjoyment and the two-for-five intended for his prospective father-in-law.

Artists are fond of praising the "old masters" in oil. There are about a dozen "old masters" in crude oil that will find it to their advantage to keep away from this city. Even a lamb will turn when trampled on.

Having interred his four wives together, a disconsolate widower embalmed their memory:

Stranger, pause and drop a tear;
For Mary Jane lies buried here;
Mingled in a most surprising manner
With Susan, Maria, and portions of Hanner.

A magazine article speaks of "Our Dark Age in Music." As the period referred to was 1673, before the introduction of the hand-organ, the accordion and fife and drum corps into this country, why it should be called a "dark age" is not exactly clear.

Cupid waits on cash: "Yes," said young Mr. Guy, of the Rickerocker Club, "yes, I was engaged to her, but I've broken it off, you know, until I see whether she is going to be successful in breaking her uncle's brother's will, you know."—N. Y. Mail and Express.

A Londoner one day by accident saw the sun. "Evens," said he, "ow they 'ave him proved that there 'lectric light!" After a moment's pause, during which he gazed upon the novel sight, he added, reflectively, "But 'ow in thunder did they get 'im up so 'igh?"

Poor Miss Passee: Hollis Holworthy (who does not dance, to Miss Passee, who has been a wall flower all the evening)—"Are you dancing this evening, Miss Passee?" Miss P. (misinterpreting the question and with eagerness)—"Yes, certainly," H. H.—"Ah how I envy you!" (sudden collapse of Miss).

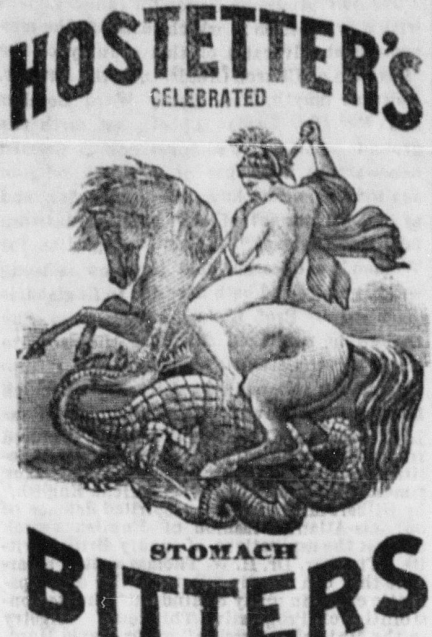
Little Emily's cute catch: "Uncle John," said little Emily, "do you know that a baby that was fed on elephant's milk gained twenty pounds in one week?" "Nonsense! Impossible!" exclaimed Uncle John, and then he asked: "Whose baby was it?" "The elephant's baby," said the little girl.—Anon.

"Yes," said the buxom actress, "I think that editor is the meanest, most contemptible wretch in existence. He doesn't want me to succeed." "What has he done?" "Done?" "You know that scandal about me in Chicago?" "Yes; did he print it?" "Print it? No; he wouldn't; that's it."

"Oh, what a fool I am!" yelled farmer John as he crumpled up the country paper and threw it from him. "Last week I paid up my five years' back subscription to this paper and the result is a big editorial on 'Bountiful Crops and the Return of Prosperity.' Now what will go down fifty cents a bushel."

Clara's Christmas present: Charley wanted to give Clara a Christmas present

Miscellaneous.



HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED
BITTERS
STOMACH

Remember that stamina, vital energy, the life principle or whatever you may choose to call the resistant power which battles against the causes of disease and death, is the grand safeguard of health. It is the garrison of the human fortress, and when it waxes weak, tap true policy is to throw in reinforcements. In other words, when such an emergency occurs, commence a course of Hostetter's Bitters. For sale by Druggists and Dealers, to whom apply for Hostetter's Almanac for 1883.

Blankets! Blankets!

At **SCHOFIELD'S**,
Spring Street, Bellefonte, Pa.
I have on hand a large stock of Blankets which, as the season is now far advanced, I will sell at a reduction of

25 PER CENT.

Great Bargains. Call Immediately.

14-391f **JAMES SCHOFIELD.**

F. P. GREEN, DRUGGIST,

Bush House Building, Bellefonte. Keeps constantly on hand, or orders on short notice, a full assortment of everything usually kept in a first class drug store. Particular attention given to preparing physician's prescriptions, and family recipes.

INSURANCE.

INSURANCE effected on all kinds of Property, in Companies of undoubted strength and security, at standard rates.

INSURE AGAINST LOSS AND DAMAGE BY

FIRE AND LIGHTNING.

99-ly. **GEORGE L. POTTER.**

Fure's Building. High street, Bellefonte.

Professional Cards.

S. D. RAY, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa.

Special attention given to the collection of claims. Office, south-west corner of Diamond, near Broekhoff House. 18-21f

D. H. HASTINGS, W. F. REEDER.

HASTINGS & REEDER, Attorneys-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office on Allegheny street, two doors north of office formerly occupied by the late firm of Yocum & Hastings. 13-40-ly

J. G. LOVE, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa.

Office in rooms formerly occupied by the late W. P. Wilson. 14-71-1f

A. FURST, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa.

Office in his new building, north side and opposite the Court House. 8-1-1f

YOCUM & HANSHURGER, Attorneys-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa.

Office northeast corner of the Diamond, opposite First National Bank. 40-41f

CLEMENT DALE, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa.

Office on High Street, second door from First National Bank. 8-42-1f

E. BLANCHARD, E. M. BLANCHARD.

E. & M. BLANCHARD, Attorneys-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. High Street, Bellefonte, Pa. 16-1-ly

C. T. ALEXANDER, C. M. BOWERS.

ALEXANDER & BOWERS, Attorneys-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office in Garman's building, opposite Court House. 6-1-9-82

STITZER & MAGEL, Attorneys-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa.

Office next to Garman's hotel, in Reynolds' bank, Bellefonte, Pa. May be consulted in English or German.

D. S. KELLER, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa.

Office on Allegheny street, first door south of Lyon's new store. 8-17-ly

Physicians and Dentists.

G. M. SWARTZ, Dentist, located at Bellefonte, Pa. Office in the Myers property, on Bishop street, opposite Graham's Shop Store. 6-23

H. K. HOY, M. D., Office in Conrad House, above Fortney's Law Office, Bellefonte, Pa. Special attention given to Operative Surgery and Chronic diseases. 13-15-ly

Banks and Bankers.

E. C. HUMER, President of F. HARRIS, Cashier of FIRST NATIONAL BANK of Bellefonte, Allegheny Street, Bellefonte, Pa. 16-1-ly

Shaving Saloons.

W. M. MILLS, FASHIONABLE BARBER AND HAIR DRESSER.

Pleasant rooms and experienced workmen, Felty's new building, High street, Bellefonte, Pa. aug 17 1m

M. S. GRAHAM, FASHIONABLE BARBER

In basement of the Conrad House, Bellefonte, Pa. The best of razors, sharp and keen, always on hand. He guarantees a shave without either pulling or pain. Perfumery, hair oil, hair restoratives, etc., constantly on hand. Norm and Oil Bath

The Moorish Capital.

Under the Moors all of Southern Spain was converted into one vast garden, with populous cities, gorgeous palaces and mosques, manufactories and schools. Cordova became the capital of the Moorish Empire when it declared itself independent of Damascus, and later on had its alcazar, its harem, over seven hundred mosques, as many schools, and gardens and bath-houses without number. It was during this period that they built the great mosque that was to outlive the most magnificent ones of the East and drew pilgrims to its shrine from the whole Mohammedan world. It is now a cathedral, with much of its original beauty destroyed by the Christians, that they might put out of sight the work of the hated Moors. And yet enough remains of that most elegant and delicate of all architecture to make a picture that has no equal in Europe. In area it covers over 300,000 square feet—67,000 more than St. Peter's at Rome. Over 1,100 columns of every color and shade of marble, black, green and white porphyry and variegated jasper from Arabia, Africa and Constantinople support the multitude of horseshoe arches that curve gracefully down from the roof to meet them. The sanctuary, or mihrab—the holy of holies—stands in the central recess, enclosed with delicately carved lace work walls of white marble and enameled mosaics illuminated from underneath with gold and blue. The roof is of marble, formed like a shell, from the centre of which once hung the 1,700 lamps that lighted up the beautifully blended colorings and filled the space with odors of their perfumed oil. Underneath stood the altar of ivory, precious woods and stones, studded with gems and inlaid with gold, from which was read the famous Orthmanic Koran to the assembled faithful grouped on their knees in the great mosque beyond.

The next Combination at Harrisburg.

The Harrisburg *Telegraph* has made the extraordinary discovery that the next senate will contain a Cooper, a Hart, some Boggs, a Laird, an Upperton, a sharp Aull, a Sill, a Shearer, a Smith, a King, but the latter will not reign. In the house there will be a Bullitt, two Halls, a Stewart, an Abbott, pious, perhaps; a Dear-den, running Brooks, a first-rate Clarke, a Bream, a Park hill, a Hogue, a Glenn, a Green, two Smiths—one will be on Deck; there will be a Burch field for the boys, and a Rohrer, who will not place in Potts his Stubbs; a Bier who, with a Taylor, will make Merry; a Walker, who will not try to Buttermore Dukes and play Sharpe; a Woods and a Lantz; a Boyle which will not make any person Seiger; a Mazy Waltz, a Fry for Roche or Martin, and Parcels to Harris the others; an Evans an' an Ealer, who will bring his girl and not try to Geyer; a Miller who with Barnes will investigate the sources of the Nile; a Tubbs to stand on its own bottom; a Gates, Short enough for the Garden, and a Bierer who will not get intoxicated while raking at the Blackford.

The Court's Mistake.

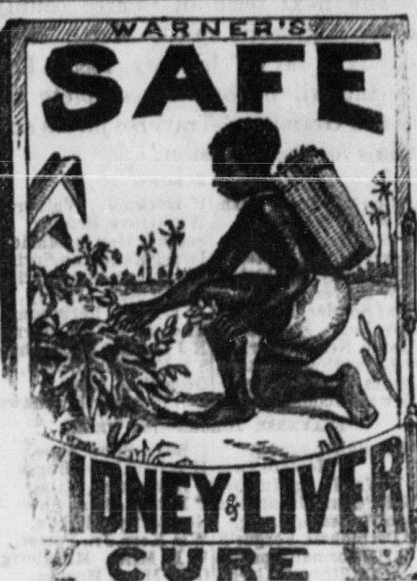
Judge Davis used to tell some admirable stories of an old Illinois Judge, one of which we chance particularly to remember. One of the Judges was rather remarkable for conveying to jurors in his charges to them his own opinions with regard to the merits of the case. In one case he had done so with great plainness, but to his amazement, the jury hung out for hours without coming to an agreement. The Judge inquired of the bailiff what was the matter, and learned from him that one juror was holding out against the other eleven. He sent for the juror at once, and stating to the jurors that he had plainly intimated how the case ought to be decided, said he understood one juror was standing out against the other eleven. He proceeded to rebuke the juror sharply. The obstinate juror was a nervous little man, and as soon as the Judge was done he rose and said: "Judge, may I say a word?" "Yes, sir," said the indignant Judge. "What have you to say?" "Well, what I wanted to say is, I am the only feller that's on your side."

Two bloods of Salina, Kan., were rivals in love, and decided upon a duel to settle the question of possession. They selected their seconds, got a surgeon, and retired to a sequestered nook, where they spread a blanket, and the deadly work began. At the first deal one of the rivals got two pairs, jacks and deuces, and failed to fill. His hated rival showed down four kings and took the queen. The surgeon got \$10, the seconds got disgusted, and the loser got drunk, while the winner got married.

"Did you see dat hoss you was talking of buying?" asked one Austin darkey of another. "Yes, I seed him." "Did you buy de hoss?" "No, I didn't buy him, bekase dar was no mutuality." "What do yer mean, niggah?" "Dar was no mutuality. I seed enuff of de hoss, but de hoss didn't see enuff of me. He was blind in one eye. Dar has to be more mutuality in a hoss trade."

A Connecticut man recently said, "Lend me one dollar. My wife has left me, and I want to advertise that I am not responsible for her debts."

Medical.



WARNER'S
SAFE
KIDNEY & LIVER
CURE

Disease is an effect, not a cause. Its origin is within; its manifestations are without. Hence, to cure the disease the Cause must be removed, and in no other way can a cure be effected. WARNER'S SAFE KIDNEY AND LIVER CURE is established on just principles. It realizes that

95 Per Cent.

of all diseases arise from deranged kidneys and liver, and it strikes at once at the root of the difficulty. The elements of which it is composed act directly upon these great organs, both as a food and restorer, and by placing them in a healthy condition, drive disease and pain from the system.

For the innumerable troubles caused by unhealthy Kidneys, Liver and Urinary Organs; for the distressing Disorders of Women; for Malaria, and for physical derangements generally, this great remedy has no equal. Beware of imposters, imitations and counterfeits said to be just as good.

For Diabetes, ask for WARNER'S SAFE DIABETES CURE. For sale by all dealers. H. H. WARNER & CO. Rochester, N. Y.

STRENGTH

to vigorously push a business, strength to study a profession, strength to regulate a household, strength to do a day's labor without physical pain. All this represents what is wanted, in the often heard expression, "Oh! I wish I had the strength!" If you are broken down, have not energy, or feel as if life was hardly worth living, you can be relieved and restored to robust health and strength by taking BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, which is a true tonic—a medicine universally recommended for all wasting diseases.

301 N. Fremont St., Baltimore

During the war I was injured in the stomach by a piece of a shell, and have suffered from it ever since. About four years ago it brought on paralysis, which kept me in bed six months, and the best doctors in the city said I could not live. I suffered fearfully from indigestion, and for over two years could not eat solid food and for a large portion of the time was unable to retain even liquid nourishment. I tried Brown's Iron Bitters and now after taking two bottles I am able to get up and go around and am rapidly improving. G. DECKER.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is

a complete and sure remedy for Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Malaria, Weakness and all diseases requiring a true, reliable, non-alcoholic tonic. It enriches the blood, gives new life to the muscles and tone to the nerves.

There is no excuse for suffering from

CONSTIPATION

and other diseases that follow a disordered state of the Stomach and Bowels, when the use of

DR. HENRY BAXTER'S

MANDRAKE BITTERS

Will give immediate relief.

After constipation follows

Biliousness, Dyspepsia,

Indigestion, Diseases of

the Kidneys, Torpid Liver

Rheumatism, Dizziness,

Sick Headache, Loss of

Appetite, Jaundice, Apoplexy, Palpitations,

Eruptions and Skin Diseases, etc., all of which these

bitters will speedily cure by removing the cause. Keep the Stomach, Bowels, and Digestive Organs in good working order, and perfect health will be the result. Ladies and others subject to Sick Headache will find relief and permanent cure by the use of these bitters. Being tonic and mildly purgative they

PURIFY THE BLOOD.

Price 25 cts. per bottle.

For sale by all dealers in medicine. Send address for pamphlet, free, giving full directions.

HENRY, JOHNSON & LORD, Props., Burlington, Vt.

Wilson & McFarlane—Hardware.

HARDWARE,
STOVES.

WILSON,
M'FARLANE
& CO.

Have for sale in HEATING STOVES,

THE CROWNING GLORY,

OF BASE BURNERS.

This Stove is well named. It has a Diving Flue in front, making it a Front Heater.

Immense Radiating Surface.

ALSO,

FORT ORANGE AND EASTLAKE.

We would call your attention to

The **Welcome Home Heaters,**
DOUBLE AND SINGLE.

Beautifully finished in Nickel. Our line of COOK STOVES and RANGES is complete.

CALL AND SEE US.



Parker's Hair Balsam.

An elegant, agreeable Hair Dressing that Never Fails to Restore Gray or Faded Hair to its Youthful Color. 50c and \$1 sizes.

Floreston Cologne.

A New and Fragrant Perfume, Fragrant, Refreshing, and

many of the best medicines known are combined in

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, into a medicine of such

varied and effective power, as to make it the Greatest

Blood Purifier and Kidney Corrector and the

Best Health and Strength Restorer Ever Used.

It cures Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sleeplessness, and all diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Liver, Urinary Organs, and all Female Complaints.

If you are wasting away with Consumption or any disease, use the Tonic to-day. It will surely help you.

Remember! This Tonic is the Best Family Medicine ever made, and is far superior to Bitters, Extracts of Ginger and other Tonics, as it never intoxicates, and cures Drunkenness. Any dealer in drugs can supply you—50c and \$1 sizes. None genuine without signature of HUSK & CO., Chemists, N. Y.

LARGE SAVING IN BUYING THE DOLLAR SIZE.

Every Young Man

Should have such a knowledge of the requirements of business as may be obtained in the

Rochester Business University.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

The Most Complete Commercial School in America.

There is no other in the country that is held in so high esteem by the better class of business men, that is patronized by so mature and cultivated a class of pupils, or that has so large a number of graduates in lucrative and honorable positions. New Catalogue free.

L. L. WILLIAMS, Pres.

F. F. ROGERS, Sec.

14-45-81

DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Disorientation, Convulsions, Epilepsy, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Depression, Softening of the Brain resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatophoria caused by over-excitation of the brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence. One box will cure recent cases. Each box contains one month's treatment. One dollar a box, or six boxes for five dollars; sent by mail on receipt of price. We guarantee six boxes to cure any case. With each order received for six boxes, accompanied with five dollars, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund money if treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by J. C. FLEMING, Druggist, 84 Market Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. Orders by mail at regular prices.

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A "Lovely" Shot.

"Web," a correspondent writing from Loveville, relates the particulars of a hunting adventure participated in by our townsman, Mr. J. G. Love, his brother, H. C. Love, of Tyrone, and Mr. Thomas Roop, which took place on the hunting ground known as "Kail Hollow," near the former place, on Tuesday, the 19th ult. The communication has been in our possession more than a week, therefore we shall omit some of the details of the adventure, giving only the more important particulars. After relating how Mr. J. G. L. was on the track of a turkey the evening previous—which, however, he didn't secure—our correspondent says that the three gentlemen started out the next day in search of deer. The sequel will show that they also failed in this last attempt, although they enjoyed the pleasure (?) of shooting at a buck. The Messrs. L. had separated from Mr. R., when they came upon a buck and a doe, the former animal being only "forty steps distant and standing broadside." Harry Love fired and the animals fled. So confident was Mr. L. that he had fatally wounded the buck that he proudly proclaimed his achievement to Mr. Roop who just then arrived on the spot. Mr. Roop looked for traces of blood, but seeing none, observed a ball freshly imbedded in the trunk of a tree, the ball being one foot above the ground, and the tree eight feet out of line from where the buck was said to have been standing. Well, the gentlemen pursued the animals over a mile, and as they could not discover that the buck had been injured at all, gave up the chase in despair.

—A scientist says: "The palaeozoic cockroaches are distinguished from other species by having five veins in the wing instead of four, and have a decided mezozoic aspect." This is highly important; but a woman when she sees one of these insects, will not care whether it has five or fifteen veins in the wing. She will give a scream, draw her skirts tightly about her and give the bug such a violent rap with an old shoe that it will have more of a mashed than a mezozoic aspect. Then, elated with her brilliant achievement, she will hasten over the slippery pavements without falling once and will not pause to look around at anybody until she has reached the grocery store of Sechler & Co. With a practiced eye which never makes a mistake she will select the groceries that she desires and order them sent around with a choice cut of the best meat. When she reaches home and prepares an appetizing meal for her lord and master and her happy family she will exult over a good day's work, and well she may. When her household is locked in the arms of Morpheus their dreams will not be unpleasant fancies superinduced by indigestion, but delightful sensations such as the consumption of wholesome food always produces. Then will they be grateful for the existence in Bellefonte of Sechler's grocery store and they will continue to purchase there and try to influence all their friends to do the same.

Do Not Break Them—

The good resolutions you formed yesterday to put into effect this morning and which you have kept up to this time. We know you have made some such resolutions and intend to keep them. But will you do so? It was a good thing to make them, but it will be a far better thing to keep them and in the keeping of them is where the struggle comes. If you break them it will be an evidence that you possess a very weak will. But do not depend upon your own strength entirely to keep in your possession inviolate such a precious piece of property as a good resolve; the revelation which the Supreme Being made of Himself says that He who made the world will be your Helper and Defender in the hour of trial. Depend upon Him.

—This is A. D. 1883; therefore, buy your cigars of Harry Green.

—The New Year's reception, announced for last Monday evening in the Y. M. C. A. rooms, has been indefinitely postponed, because of illness among those who expected to furnish the entertainment. Persons who have purchased tickets may have their money refunded, or if they keep the tickets they will have an opportunity of attending the reception when it is given, which will probably be about a month hence.

—Go to Harris' hardware store and get Wolf's make of tinware.

—Many of the Sunday schools were not so largely attended last Sunday as they were on the previous Sunday. A year seems a long time to wait for the next Christmas festival.

—Those who buy groceries of Harry Teats & Co. have reason to rejoice.

Frank P. Blair.

FRANK P. BLAIR

has just received another lot of small Stem Winding Watches in Silver and Nickel, just the thing to make a boy happy, as it's the height of any boy's ambition to carry a Watch. These are reliable and serviceable, and are not expensive.

Also some more of those little bits of Watches which are so fashionable among the girls. These are much worn in other places and are considered just the thing.

A large line of Children's sets of Knife, Fork and Spoon with and without cases in Extra and Triple Plate. They are decidedly elegant goods; much more so than at any other season. A very few dozen of the Genuine Rogers' Triple-Plated Knives. They are as cheap as the imitation and worth twice the price of any other knife offered.

A Gold Headed Cane would likely be just the thing you are looking for; they are useful, ornamental and always appreciated.

Gold Thimbles from the lowest in price to the most elegant. They are always just the thing and last a lifetime, and you can make no mistake.

See the Castors and Cake Baskets.

I would like to show you my leading Tea Set—cheap and just the thing for actual use, Copper Bottom, and can be set on the stove and used the same as Britannia or tinware, and they come very little higher than a common unplated set.

Some people thought it foolish to bring a stock of Fine Diamonds to Bellefonte, but they will find considerably more Diamonds worn here after the holidays than before.

Your attention is particularly called to Japanese wares. They are genuine goods made in Japan and not in Jersey. They must be closed out this week as I have no room to keep them over. They are all below the cost of importation and some of them are given away for nothing.

FRANK P. BLAIR,

No. 2, Brockerhoff Row.

Miscellaneous.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned, an Auditor appointed by the Orphan's Court of Centre county to hear and pass upon the exceptions filed to the account of the Administrator of the estate of David Titlow, deceased, and make distribution of the balance in hands of accountants to and among those legally entitled thereto, will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office in the borough of Bellefonte, on Wednesday, the 3d day of January, 1883, when and where all persons interested are requested to present their claims or be debarred from coming in on said fund. 14-50-3t E. M. BLANCHARD, Auditor

NEUTRALIZED.

In what way a Prevalent Evil may be Shorn of its Power to Harm.
Malaria is a broad name for many diseases—all originating in blood poisoning. Bilious fever, the typhus and typhoid fevers and chills and fever are prominent members of the family. Malaria defies the builder, the plumber and the physician. Despairing of ordinary treatment, the latter almost unanimously recommend BENSON'S CAPSINE POROUS PLASTER as the greatest anti-malarial specific of the age. These plasters act upon the liver, spleen, bowels and kidneys. When the back over the kidneys, they ward off malaria like an armor. No other plasters do this. When you purchase satisfy yourself that the word CAPSINE is cut in the center of the plaster. Seabury & Johnson, Chemists, New York. Highest awards at International Expositions. 15-1-4t

INVESTORS

Desiring First-class
DIVIDEND
Paying Stocks or Bonds yielding
Ten Per Cent. per annum, and over
WELL SECURED,
may obtain full particulars, with satisfactory references and testimonials by addressing H. BLAISDELL, Fin'l Ag't, 48 Congress St., Boston, Mass. Mention this paper. 15-1-4t

ORPHANS' COURT SALE

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Centre county, there will be exposed at public sale on the premises in Curtin township, Centre county, on Saturday, the 27th day of January, 1883, at 1 o'clock p. m., the following described

REAL ESTATE,

late the property of Warren S. Lucas, deceased, to-wit:
A valuable farm, of the noted Red-shale soil adjoining lands of Job M. Lucas, Job W. Packer, John J. Packer and McCloskey Brothers, containing about sixty acres near measure; thereon erected a good new frame house, a bank barn and other outbuildings. There are two orchards of good fruit and a well of never-failing water on the premises. Church and school convenient.
Also, a tract of mountain land in same township, adjoining lands of John McCloskey and others, containing fifteen acres, and well supplied with wood for farm uses.
Terms of sale: One-third in cash on confirmation, the balance in two equal payments, with interest, to be secured by bond and a mortgage on the premises. Fifty dollars to be paid when the property is knocked down.
1513w JOHN P. LUCAS,
Adm'r of Warren S. Lucas, dec'd.

GET THE BEST

THE PHILADELPHIA TIMES.

The people generally get that which they make a market for. They demanded better newspapers, and within the last few years journalism has made rapid strides. THE TIMES, which, from the day of its first issue, took place in the front rank of progressive journalism, has kept along at the double-quick step, and at this time is a better newspaper than ever. It is a journal that never sleeps and never takes a holiday. As there are 365 days, so there are 365 issues of THE TIMES in a year. The weekly edition of THE TIMES is of four pages, being in a form suitable for the busy man or the busy woman. The Sunday edition, of eight pages, contains a great deal of the best miscellany as well as all the news. The editorial strength of THE TIMES need not be dwelt upon—the fact that it is quoted more than any other paper in America is sufficient evidence of its excellence in that direction. Nor need the typographical superiority be more than mentioned—for it is widely known as the "handsomest paper in the country."

The Philadelphia Weekly Times

Covers a distinct field. Into THE WEEKLY goes the cream of the daily issues and at the same time it contains matter especially adapted to the wants of readers in every part of America. It circulates as a first-class family journal in every State and Territory, and has subscribers in every part of the world. The leading feature of THE WEEKLY is the "ANNALS OF THE WAR." This department embraces chapters of unwritten history, contributed by prominent actors in the War of the Rebellion, and it has become a recognized depository of such matters, whether from Northern or Southern sources. The ANNALS will be kept fully up to the standard of former years.

TERMS.

THE DAILY TIMES—Twelve Cents a week. Mail Subscribers, postage free, Six Dollars a year. Fifty Cents a month.

THE WEEKLY TIMES—Fifty-ix columns of the choicest reading, especially prepared to meet the wants of weekly newspaper readers. One copy, \$2.00; Five copies, \$8.00; Ten copies, \$15.00. Twenty copies, \$25.00. An extra copy sent free to any person getting up clubs of ten or twenty.

THE SUNDAY EDITION—Double sheet, 8 pages. The best known and most accomplished writers contribute to its columns every week. Two Dollars a year, postage free. Single copies, Forty Cents.

THE TIMES ALMANAC—A manual of Political and other information, published on the First of January, every year. Fifteen Cents a copy.

THE ANNALS OF THE WAR—A royal octavo volume of 800 pages, beautifully illustrated. Written by principal participants in the War, North and South. Price, \$3.00.

Address all letters and other communications to

THE TIMES,

Times Building, Chestnut and Eighth Streets, PHILADELPHIA

Send for a Specimen Copy.

MOUNTAIN HOUSE.

Eagleville Station, Centre Co., Pa.

FRANK R. STOVER, PROPRIETOR.

Convenient to depot. Meals at all hours. Good stock of Cigars always on hand. 14-25-3m

DISSOLUTION.

The firm of Duncan, Hale & Co., of Bellefonte and Philipsburg, have this day dissolved by mutual consent. The books of the late firm will remain at the mill for settlement for the present.

Bellefonte, December 1, 1882.

COPARTNERSHIP.

The undersigned have this day formed a co-partnership and will continue the milling and grain business at the old stand in Bellefonte under the firm name of Gerberich, Hale & Co. C. T. GERBERICH,
DR. E. W. HALE,
H. S. HALE.

December 1, 1882. 14-59-3t

FARMERS' SONS & DAUGHTERS

Or any Active Man or Woman

CAN MAKE \$25 PER MONTH

in Cash, working for AMERICAN FARMER Address E. A. K. HACKETT, Ft. Wayne, Ind. 14-6-4t

Goldsmith Brothers.

A Merry Christmas

AND A

HAPPY NEW YEAR

TO ALL.

We are now prepared with plenty of hands and plenty of goods to serve our many patrons.

Stock unsurpassed for
IMMENSITY,
VARIETY and
CHEAPNESS.

ALL GOODS

are marked in **PLAIN FIGURES—American Figures.** and at prices within the reach of any purse, be it large or small.

DRESS GOODS,
SILKS, a specialty,
VELVETS,
PLUSHES,
BLANKETS,
FLANNELS,
HOSIERY,
RIBBONS,
LACES,
NOTIONS,
CARPETS,
OIL CLOTHS,
MATTINGS,
HATS,
CAPS,

DRESS TRIMMINGS,

Gents' Furnishing Goods,

MERCHANT TAILORING,

&c., &c., &c.

Ladies' and Children's Shoes.

Ladies' Coats and Dolmans.

Misses' and Children's Coats & Dolmans.

Having purchased for CASH several cases of desirable DRESS GOODS of defunct manufacturers, at ruinous prices, we will in turn dispose of the same to our customers at about half their value. REMEMBER they are the latest styles and in all the new and desirable shades, such as Terra Cotta, Cadet Blue, Rifle Green, Crushed Strawberry, Olive, Myrtle, Plum, Garnet, Navy Browns and Blacks.

GOLDSMITH BROS.,

BEE HIVE ONE PRICE

STORES,

BELLEFONTE, PA.

N. B.—We are sole agents for Ball's Health Preserving Corset.

S. & A. Loeb, General Merchandise.

Compare our prices
with those you are paying
for the same goods.

Arbuckle's Coffee,	-	15c.
Choice Roasted Coffee,	-	12½c.
"A" Sugar,	-	10c.
Choice Syrup,	-	60c.
Good Calicoes,	-	5c.
Heavy Muslins,	-	7c.
Dress Goods as low as	-	10c.
Men's Full Suits from	5	00 up.
Overcoats as low as	-	3 50.
Ladies' Coats at	-	2 50.

Full Assortment now in.

A Thousand-and-one
articles too numerous to
mention at equally low
prices.

We guarantee all our
prices below those of
any others.

S. & A. LOEB.

THE LATEST NEWS.

ADDITIONAL LOCAL NEWS

—Coal merchants are very busy.

—No danger of an ice famine next summer.

—Williamsport has been enjoying the opera of "La Mascotte."

—Coal is so black that it is wonderful how a dealer can make a ton of it so light.

—The advent of cold weather has given the garden gate a rest. The "old arm chair" in the back parlor has been substituted for the gate.

—A letter addressed to "Mr. Edward Marshall, Houserville, Centre county, Pa.," is held for postage in the postoffice in this place.

—The United Brethren church is erecting a Theological Seminary at Sugar Grove, Warren county. Over \$18,000 have been subscribed toward it.

—P. B. Crider & Son have moved into their new office, which is neatly furnished and presents an appearance of comfort, convenience and prosperity.

—"Halloo, Bill!" remarked a man this morning, "where have you been for a week back?" The answer was: "I haven't been anywhere for it, and ain't got a weak back, either."

—Some of the Altoona police make too many arrests to suit the citizens of that city. That's the way in all cities, but the complaints of such citizens are not usually listened to with serious attention.

—Some of the dear girls are wearing hoods this winter just too stunning for anything. We saw one yesterday of brown with bright orange trimmings, and the rosy face it enclosed made a sight not to be sneezed at.

—John Bartruff, the carriage maker, wants to know what the lock-up was moved up near his establishment for. He don't have occasion to occupy it any oftener than other people. Trouble ahead for the Town Council.

—Red seemed to be the prevailing color with school marms attending the institute last week. Red is a war-like color, and perhaps the wholesale wearing of it may be interpreted as a warning to Bellefonte mashers not to be too previous.

—Somebody in Bellefonte addressed a letter as follows: "Mrs. Mary More, Third Ave., Fourth Street, No. 403." If the writer will call at the post-office and add more explicit directions the letter will probably be sent to its proper destination.

—We did not know until a few days ago that Mr. Kyle McFarlane had transferred his services from Wilson & McFarlane's hardware store to the works of the Bellefonte Glass Company, but such is the case, the change occurring over a month ago. He is assistant manager in the latter establishment.

—A smoke house owned by Mr. D. S. Erb, of Pine Grove, was totally destroyed by fire a few days ago. It is supposed that the flames originated in the wash house which was connected with the former building. The contents of the smoke house, which were valuable, also fell a prey to the flames.

—A young lady from Lock Haven took tea with a Bellefonte friend recently and ate a large quantity of preserved gooseberries which she liked very much. "Oh," said she; "these gooseberries are too utterly utter, I shall ask papa to keep a goose all the time hereafter." An awkward allusion followed.

—A couple of Bellefonte young men sent all the way to Philadelphia for twenty pounds of Christmas confectionery. Wonder who the young ladies are upon whom so much sweetness is to be lavished? Shouldn't wonder if Walt Bayard could—but, tut, tut, we promised to keep mum on this thing. We did for a fact. Excuse us, Walter.

—Operator Malin assisted in receiving the broom brigade at the train on the morning of their arrival. Shaking hands with thirty or more buxom young ladies in one heat is no small proceeding, but Mr. M. performed his duties like an old veteran, nevertheless, and came out of the ordeal with head erect. Respiration about normal; pulse a little fast.

—Warren Allison, of Howard, met with a misfortune on Saturday, the 16th ult. His team was fastened in front of the Ward House, Lock Haven. Toward evening they broke loose and started home. At the Bald Eagle bridge the tongue became detached from the horses and was the means of throwing them to the ground. The wagon contained a new sewing machine which was intended for a Christmas present for his wife. This was completely demolished. The tongue of his wagon was also broken.

A Suit on an Altered Note.

That an alteration in a promissory note after execution and delivery made by a stranger, without the consent or ratification of the payee, will not invalidate the note so as to prevent a recovery upon it against the maker, appears to be decided by the supreme court in the case of Remigh et al. vs. Duff, administrator of Reuben Haslett, Sr., deceased, in which the judgment of the common pleas of Butler county has just been affirmed. The alteration in the note in suit consisted in the insertion of five per cent. in the blank collection clause over a line of erasure. The court charged the jury that if they found that the alteration was not made by Haslett, the payee and plaintiff, nor with his connivance or consent, and that he had not by any subsequent act ratified or adopted the alteration, it being made by a stranger, it would not invalidate the note. The jury found in favor of the plaintiff for the full amount, and found as a fact, that Haslett was innocent and ignorant of the charge made. The defendant removed the case to the supreme court and assigned the charge as error, but the supreme court, in a per curiam opinion, have affirmed the judgment of the lower court and say the learned court below was right in refusing defendant's points. There was evidence that the alteration was made by a stranger without the authority of the plaintiff, and we are of the opinion that the case was properly submitted to the jury. Judgment affirmed.

In Business Circles.

Ex-Gov. Curtin is much interested in the business of Bellefonte despite the fact that he is not personally connected with much of it. He is now doing his "level best" to start the car works by getting professional car builders interested in the establishment. His efforts have not yet resulted favorably.

The glass works company will not continue to have undisputed possession of the trade in Bellefonte. Overtures to sell have been made to them by capitalists from a distance. As they have refused to do so, it is probable that another factory will be built and put in operation.

Mr. Tom Collins, the famous railroad contractor, has been in Bellefonte recently and believes that there are great business opportunities before it—in brief, that it should become a second Johnstown.

The work of re-surveying the Buffalo Run railroad is being carried on by the corps of engineers who lately arrived for that purpose. They have decreased the distance more than a mile and the new course will not require as many bridges as the former route.

For West Point.

The following notice in regard to the nomination of a cadet for the West Point military academy has been sent out by Gov. Curtin. We publish it for the benefit of those interested in the matter:

Having received notice that the 20th congressional district is entitled to a cadet in the military academy at West Point, a competitive examination will be held at Bellefonte, on Wednesday, the 17th day of January, 1883, and the examiners will report to me the person who, on examination, is the best qualified and an alternative.

Blanks will be furnished from the war department which presents the requirements for admission to the academy.

The newspapers of the district are invited to give publicity to the time and place of examination.

Officers Elected.

Saturday evening, Dec. 16, Gregg Post, G. A. R., elected the following list of officers: Post Commander, H. H. Benner; Senior Vice Commander, Gen. John I. Curtin; Junior Vice Commander, John Weaver; Officer of the Day, Samuel Gault; Chaplain, James H. Rankin; Quartermaster, D. M. Glenn; Officer of the Guard, William Jones; Ordnance Officer, Alexander Drockner. The above are the elective officers; appointments will be made at the next meeting.

On Tuesday evening, Dec. 19, Bellefonte Lodge, No. 268, F. and A. M., elected officers as follows: W. M., W. F. Reber; S. W., Frank P. Blair; J. W., Robert McKnight; Secretary, George B. Weaver; Treasurer, H. Y. Stitzer.

Church Dedication.

The Lutheran church edifice at Zion, Centre Co., Pa., is now finished and will be dedicated to the worship of Almighty God on the 7th of January, 1883, (10 a. m.) Rev. Reimenschneider of Lewistown, Rev. Steck of Belleville, and Rev. Koser of Pine Grove Mills will be present to assist the pastor loci on the occasion. All neighboring ministers are most cordially invited. C. W. SECHREST.

—We hear of one Bellefonter who didn't enjoy his Christmas turkey. His energetic son got the contents of the canphor bottle mixed up with the stuffing.

—For several days a rumor has been current on the streets of this place that W. D. Rikard, now of Philadelphia, and at one time proprietor of the Rush House in this place, had made a confession of the murder of John Hanna, which event occurred in this place many years ago—we believe in 1871. The confession was said to have been published in the Philadelphia Record of two weeks ago, Thursday being the nearest date to which we could trace the affair. But after a careful search of Thursday's and Friday's issues of that newspaper, we fail to find anything. In our investigations we met a prominent gentleman of this place who saw Mr. Rikard on Friday last, and at that time Mr. R. and his family were quite well, the former not appearing in the least like one who is guilty of murder or about to make such a confession. For the present we shall pronounce it entirely false.

—On Sunday, December 24, Rev. W. O. Wright, of Milesburg, preached a beautiful and appropriate sermon to Dr. Geo. L. Potter Post No. 261, G. A. R., and their guests, a detachment consisting of Commander Mullen, Jno. I. Curtin, C. A. Glenn, Q'r M'r Glenn, O. D. S. H. Williams, Inspector H. A. Williams, Q'r M'r Serg't Thomas Benner, Adjutant R. C. Irwin, Jesse Stewart, Frank Wallace, Ordnance officer Draucher, C. D. Stonerode, and Jno. Walters, of Gregg Post No. 95 of Bellefonte. No. 261 formed at the post rooms and preceded by No. 95, marched to the church where the services were held. The church was crowded. Text, Luke 2d chapter 14th verse. In the course of the sermon a most beautiful tribute was paid to the memory of Dr. Geo. L. Potter. The sermon was a fine effort. Thanks to 95 for turning out in such force and aiding so much in the display.

—Two horse jockeys met a few days ago on High street. An even trade was soon consummated and a gray horse and black horse changed hands. The gray horse, which was one of a team drawing an ice wagon, was hitched to a buggy and the black horse, which had been accustomed to drawing nothing heavier than a buggy, was made one of the ice wagon team. The trade was even, but the man in the buggy, although he had a large quantity of the dixie bar rooms on board, seemed to have the best of the bargain as his nag trotted off at a lively gait with the vehicle rattling behind.

—On Thursday afternoon, 21st of December, the public schools attended by the younger pupils held their closing exercises, quite a number of parents and others interested in school affairs being in attendance. A dozen or more little girls from five to ten years of age either recited verses of poetry or rendered simple songs. It was somewhat surprising that only two boys participated in these exercises. Recitations and declamations are very appropriate for girls, but even more so for boys and they should be taught to develop their oratorical powers.

—The custom of decorating the interior of churches at Christmas time is becoming more universal. This year the Roman Catholic, Protestant Episcopal, Evangelical Lutheran and Reformed churches were appropriately festooned with garlands of green and in each of them services of a character befitting the occasion were held. The music was of the customary joyful and triumphant strain and the discourses were based on the themes occasioned by the anniversary of the birth of the long-expected Messiah.

—Mrs. Jane C. Armstrong of Richmond, Va., mentions in a former issue as being in a very critical condition has rallied and well grounded hope is entertained of her permanent restoration to health and friends. Mrs. A. is the only sister now living of James H. Rankin, of this place. She left Bellefonte with her husband, George S. Armstrong, in 1850. Her daughter, Clara, is the wife of John C. Shafer, Esq., a well known resident of Richmond.

—After a few appropriate remarks by Judge Orvis, says the L. H. Journal of Wednesday, Gustave Pipher was sentenced to pay a fine of \$1 and costs of prosecution and undergo an imprisonment at solitary confinement of nine years and nine months in the Western Penitentiary for killing Thomas Miller on November 4, near Renovo.

—Mr. H. H. O-man of Port Matilda is one of the proudest men in the county, to-day. The cause of his high feelings is a bouncing boy baby which made its appearance on Christmas morn. Mr. O-man is justice of the peace and a good citizen, and justly deserves this substantial Christmas present.

—As usual, the most beautiful creation in the shape of a Christmas tree which we have seen this year is that occupying a conspicuous position in one of the elegant apartments of Mrs. Harriet Lane's handsome residence. The tree itself is large and extremely symmetrical. The platform upon which it rests is elevated about two feet above the floor and covered with natural moss collected from the forest. Over this moss, horses, elk, deer, sheep and other wild and domesticated animals roam at will. Bits of mirror glass placed in a continuous line form brooks which glide in graceful beauty through the soft moss. Here and there glass covers a circular place which is hollowed out for the purpose, and as we look into its translucent depths it seems exactly like a miniature lake of pure water. Here the graceful animals collect in greatest numbers, some in the act of drinking. Above such a scene of beauty and peace the tree rises. It is literally laden to the greatest extent its boughs will permit with rich, rare and ornate nick-nacks of every description, with here and there on the tree or occupying positions near its base are articles of value, all contributing to the joy of Christmas time.

—The funeral services over the remains of the late Mrs. Elizabeth Van-Tries on Tuesday, the 12th at 2 o'clock were attended by a large number of mourning relatives and friends. The services were exceedingly impressive and solemn, being conducted by the pastor of the church of which deceased had long been a member, Rev. William Laurie. Oh, death, thy approach has no terrors! As we stand between the living and the dead it seems but a step across the mysterious chasm. It is but the rending of the last veil which hides from our sight the ineffable bliss of a heavenly abode.

Cuticura
THE NEW BLOOD PURIFIER
Resolvent

Mr. Albert Kingsbury, Keene, N. H., troubled with bad humor on hands and neck, caused by lead poisoning. (He is a painter.) At times it would break out, crack open, and the skin separate from the flesh in large pieces, suffering great continual itching and stinging. Purchased your remedies, used CUTICURA RESOLVENT internally, and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally, and in less than three months effected a complete cure, and has not been troubled since. Corroborated by Bullard & Foster, Druggists, Keene, N. H.

MOTHER DIED FROM IT.

J. W. Adams, Newark, Ohio, says: "Cuticura Remedies are the greatest medi line on earth. Had the worst case said rheum in this country. My mother had it twenty years, and in fact died from it. I believe Cuticura would have saved her life. My arms, breast and head were covered for three years, which nothing relieved or cured until I used the Cuticura Resolvent (blood purifier) internally, and Cuticura and Cuticura soap externally."

SALT RHEUM.

Those who have experienced the torments of Salt Rheum can appreciate the agony I endured for years, until I cured by CUTICURA RESOLVENT internally, and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally.

CUTICURA

And CUTICURA SOAP externally and CUTICURA RESOLVENT internally will positively cure every species of Humors, from a common Pimple to Syphilis.

Price of Cuticura, Small boxes, 50c; large boxes, \$1.00. Cuticura Resolvent, \$1.00 per bottle. Cuticura Soap, 25c; Cuticura Shaving Soap, 15c.

Depot, WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Mass.

CATARH!

Sanford's Radical Cure.

A single dose instantly relieves the most violent sneezing or head cold, clears the head by magic, stops watery discharges from the nose and eyes, prevents ringing noises in the head, cures Nervous Headache and subdues the nasal passages of foul mucus, restores the senses of smell, taste and hearing when affected, frees the head, throat and bronchial tubes of offensive matter, restores and purifies the breath, stops the cough and arrests the progress of catarrh towards consumption.

One bottle Radical Cure, one box Catarrhal Solvent and Sanford's Inhaler, all in one package, of all druggists, for \$1. Ask for Sanford's Radical Cure.

WEEKS & POTTER, Boston.

COLLINS' PLASTERS
100 TIMES MORE EFFECTUAL than any other plaster or electric battery for pain and weakness of the Lungs, Liver, Kidneys and Urinary organs. Partial Paralysis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Hysteria, Female Weakness, Dropsy, Pains and Weaknesses, Malaria and Fever and Ague. Price 25 cents. Sold everywhere.

Miscellaneous.

PERUNA
HOUSEHOLD WORDS.
"For Sick Stomach, bad taste, sinking spells and palpitation, rely wholly on PERUNA."
"For Want of Appetite, Dyspepsia, indigestion and Liver Complaint, take PERUNA: it never fails."
"For Cramp (the Stomach or Colic), PERUNA in large doses is infallible."
"Those in literary, professional or commercial pursuits, need PERUNA."
"For Sick Headache, pain in the head, dizziness and low spirits, take PERUNA."
"Read and study our book on the 'Use of Life,' follow its teachings and be happy."
"Ladies, if you wish strength, health, and beauty, sweet breath, cherry lips and rosy cheeks, take PERUNA before each meal."
"For Chronic Catarrh, Nervous Debility, diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, take PERUNA."
Ask your druggist for our pamphlet on the "Use of Life," J. C. & D. W. Smith & Co., Osborn, Ohio, proprietors.
For Constipation, Liver, Kidneys, take

MAN-A-LIN

CHINA & GLASS STORE.

W. H. Wilkinson, Agt.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Dealer in

CHINA, GLASS

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QUEENSWARE.

Majolica, Japanese and Fancy

Goods,

Dinner, Tea and Chamber

Sets.

FULL STOCK AT PHILADELPHIA PRICES.

English Porcelain Dinner sets, 125 pieces, \$16 00

English Bone China Tea sets, 56 pieces, 4 00

English Bone China Chamber sets, 3 00

French China Tea sets, 6 50

Real Japanese Tea sets, 14-42-3m

W. P. Duncan & Co.,

BELLEFONTE, PA.

ENGINEERS & MACHINISTS.

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PATENT WATER WHEEL,

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PHILADELPHIA, PENN'A.

Directly opposite Academy of Fine Arts

three square from Academy of Music and

Horticultural Hall; one block from the new

City Hall and the Pennsylvania railway pas-

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Institution; half block from Masonic Temple,

and within three squares of the Philadelphia

Reading passenger depot.

TERMS, \$1.50 PER DAY.

MRS. ELIZABETH A. HUTTON, Proprietress

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CONSUMPTION

I have a positive remedy for the above dis-

ease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst

kind and of long standing have been cured.

I need, so strong is my faith in its efficacy,

that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE to-

gether with a VALUABLE TRACTISE on the

disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O.

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DE. T. A. SLOCUM,

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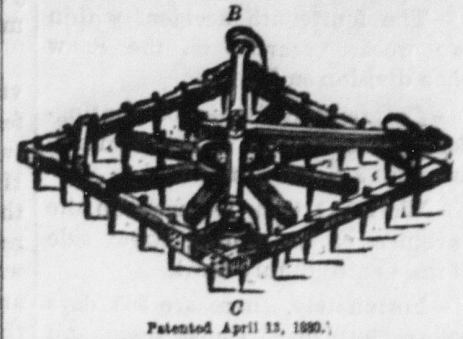
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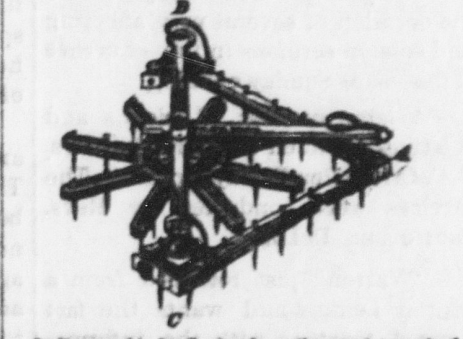
THE PENN HARROW.
BEST IN THE WORLD
IT HAS NO EQUAL



The above cut represents the Penn Harrow complete, with all its combinations of Five Harrows and a sled for each Harrow; and each succeeding change is made from this Harrow without the least additional expense. By hooking the team to either point B or C, the center revolves and gives the ground two strokes and two crossings in passing over it once, making it the most effective pulverizer in the market. **THIS HARROW HAS ONLY TO BE USED TO BE APPRECIATED.** See it before purchasing and you will buy no other.

The Penn Harrow

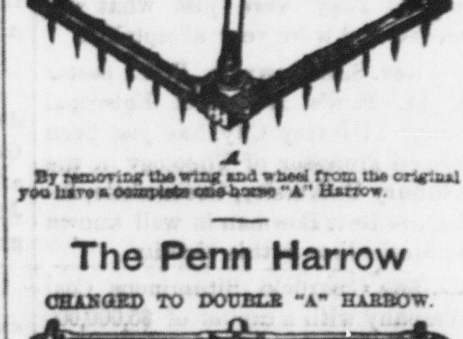
CHANGED TO A THREE-CORNER ROTARY HARROW.



Indispensable for Orchards, as the revolving wheel harrows right up to and all around the trees without backing them.

The Penn Harrow

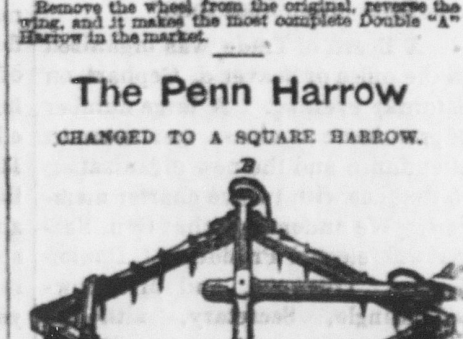
CHANGED TO SINGLE "A" HARROW.



By removing the wing and wheel from the original you have a complete one-horse "A" Harrow.

The Penn Harrow

CHANGED TO DOUBLE "A" HARROW.



Remove the wheel from the original, reverse the wing, and it makes the most complete Double "A" Harrow in the market.

The Penn Harrow

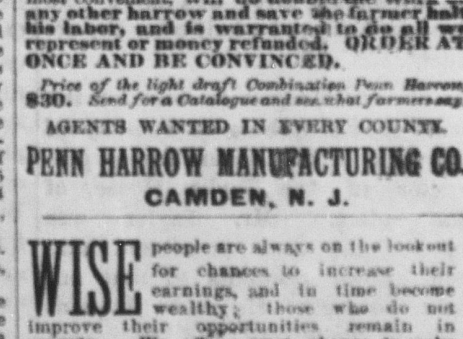
CHANGED TO A SQUARE HARROW.



By removing the wheel from the original you have a Harrow with three points to hook to. By hooking to the C you can harrow in a furrow, and harrow the bottom and both sides, or over a ridge and harrow the top and both sides, or you can either harrow or have three strokes on the ground—something that cannot be done with any other Harrow.

The Penn Harrow

ON ITS SLED.



It has always been a great inconvenience to get the Harrow to and from the field. The Penn Harrow obviates this, as no matter which Harrow you wish to use in the combination, it has its own sled to haul it on.

The Penn Harrow

Is made of the best white oak, with steel teeth, well painted, in every way first-class. Formerly a harrow was the most valuable implement on the farm; with our improved one it is the most convenient, with six double the work of any other harrow and save the farmer half his horse time in harrowing. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address, Slocum & Co., Portland Maine. (and despatch)

WISER people are always on the lookout for chances to increase their earnings, and in time become wealthy; those who do not improve their opportunities remain in poverty. We offer a great chance to make money. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address, Slocum & Co., Portland Maine. (and despatch)

Bellefonte Republican.

DWARD T. TUTEN. Editor.

Terms, \$2.00 per annum in Advance

Local Department.

—1883.

—Tramps are becoming quite numerous in this vicinity.

—Christmas Sunday-school festivals are reported from all directions.

—The fourteenth accident within two weeks occurred on the Snow Shoe division on Friday.

—Congressman Fisher, of Huntingdon, presented each of the town pastors with a barrel of flour.

—Work has been resumed on the pavement on the Spring street side of the Centre county Bank.

—Fortunately, there are 365 days before "leap year" comes again and we shall not be troubled with too many "proposals."

—There was a glorious supply of candies, cakes, apples and peanuts at the Episcopal Sunday-school festival on Thursday evening.

—The funeral services over the remains of the late George W. T. Burnside, on Thursday afternoon, were singularly solemn and affecting.

—The ending of the old year was the occasion of several very affecting and solemn sermons in the churches of this place Sunday evening.

—A large number of friends and relatives attended the funeral of Mrs. R. C. Crittenden Friday morning. The services were conducted by Revs. Laurie and DeLong.

—"Warren" just returned from a visit at Lemont and wants the fact noticed, together with the information that he received a handkerchief for a Christmas present.

—The Y. M. C. A., of this place, received last week from the Presbyterian Sabbath school a present of two very fine tables for the boys' reading room. They were just what was needed and were very acceptable.

—Rev. S. L. Bowman, D. D., pastor of St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal church at Jersey City, has just been elected Professor of Theology in the Ashbury University, Greencastle, Indiana. Rev. Bowman is well known by Methodists in this vicinity.

—The Clearfield Bituminous Coal Company with a capital of \$5,000,000 was chartered at Harrisburg on Wednesday, the 27th. The business of the new corporation will be transacted in Clearfield and Centre counties for the purpose of "mining and selling coal, iron ore, fire clay and other minerals, and of the manufacturing and selling coke from bituminous coal."

—A Board of Trade was organized in the office of Beaver & Gephart on Saturday evening. A large number of prominent business men were in attendance and the new organization started out with twelve charter members. We understand that Gen. Beaver was elected President, J. Dunlop Shugert, Treasurer, and Mr. Howard Lingle, Secretary, although the officers have not yet accepted. Another meeting was held last evening.

—An infant child of George and Ellen Meese, who live near Valentines' Ironworks, died on Wednesday evening last. The little one was only eight months of age. The interment took place Friday afternoon. We tender our earnest and sincere sympathy to the sorrowing parents. The feeling caused by such afflictive dispensations of Providence is not without its consolation, as the little one is removed to a happier home than is vouchsafed to the most fortunate of earth's inhabitants.

—Atwood Eves, a young man eighteen years of age, son of Mr. Joseph Eves, of Halfmoon township, this county, was shot and killed on Friday afternoon, the 29th ult., while hunting with a companion named Blackburn. Eves was endeavoring to remove a ramrod from a gun in the hands of Blackburn, when the hammer caught in the latter's clothing, and the gun was discharged, the contents entering Eves' abdomen. He lived an hour and a half after the accident.

—We much regret to learn of the death at Philipsburg on Tuesday of last week of Mr. Robert Taylor, proprietor of the Taylor House, of that place. Mr. Taylor was one of the most prominent and best known residents of that ancient borough. He made frequent visits to Bellefonte and impressed every one whom he met with his genial manners. It does not seem long since we saw him in this place enjoying perfect health. His death must have been quite sudden although we have learned no particulars regarding it.

THE HARVEST OF DEATH.

His Gleaming Scythe Cuts Down the Aged, those in the Prime of Life and the Young.

The community was greatly shocked on Tuesday morning, December 26, to learn of the death of George Burnside, son of Mr. Thomas Burnside, of this place. We could not be called upon to perform a more painful duty than to record that event. The disease which caused his death was an affection of the heart, from which he had suffered for many years, the attacks of late growing more frequent and painful.

Last winter he was very ill, but revived under the more favorable effects of a summer temperature and two months ago seemed quite well. His old complaint returned during the present autumn and winter with redoubled force. But last week he was able to appear upon the streets, and many friends received from him the usual cordial greeting which none knew better how to extend than he. Indeed, we learn that on Saturday he contemplated beginning a new duty in taking charge of the books for Valentines' stores, relieving Mr. Jos. Belford of that duty during the latter's anticipated absence.

But he complained of feeling unwell and on Sunday was quite ill. On Monday he was worse and Tuesday morning, at 9 o'clock, his earthly life yielded to the disease, and his spirit winged its way to a heavenly home there to enjoy forever the bliss of immortality.

George Burnside was a much-loved and highly-respected young man. This esteem was universal and it has been remarked in our hearing that no one ever heard a word spoken against him and so far as our acquaintance with him extends we can testify to the truth of this.

Oh! the sorrow at home for the loved one who is taken away! Oh! the anguish among friends for the dear familiar form and pleasant face, now gone forever! Long will he be cherished in memory and those recollections will ever be a source of pleasure.

He was about 22 years of age. The service for the burial of the dead were said over the remains of George W. T. Burnside on Thursday afternoon last at 2 o'clock, in St. John's Episcopal church on Allegheny street.

On Friday, December 22, death claimed a very aged victim in the person of Mrs. Mitchell, mother of Mrs. Lieb, of this place, and grandmother of Mr. David Lieb, principal of the Bellefonte public schools. Several days previous to her decease she received a warning that death was near in the sudden giving away of her physical powers, as she fell to the floor, greatly alarming the members of the family. But she rallied and hopes of her recovery were entertained. But on Friday morning, about 11 o'clock, the last spark of her earthly life went out and she was numbered among the redeemed and sanctified spirits who inhabit eternity. We are informed that she was in her 89th year. Her life was that of a devoted earnest Christian; she had the entire and implicit trust of her numerous friends, who will deeply mourn her absence from among them, but, nevertheless, rejoice that another Christian pilgrim has fought her last fight and received her reward. The funeral services took place from the home of her daughter, Mrs. Lieb, on Sunday at 2 o'clock p. m.

Again we mourn with the friends who are left behind and who hold in tender veneration and respect the memory of the late Mrs. R. C. Crittenden, who departed this life after a long illness, of consumption, Tuesday afternoon, December 26. The disease had been rather speedy in accomplishing its fatal end and only yesterday, it seems, we saw her in full life and health, and now we will never see her again. She was the wife of our well-known townsman, Rev. R. C. Crittenden. As a Christian woman, wife and mother she had the respect of all who knew her, the love of her husband and family. But they need not mourn for her, for she has departed to be with One whom she loved with more than earthly affection. They have reason for sorrow and are entitled to sincere sympathy, however, as they contemplate their own bereft condition with out their valued counselor and friend. But if redeemed spirits are solicitous for the loved ones left behind and are sent to keep watch and ward over earthly friends that they also pursue the straight and narrow path, they are assured that a hand is outstretched to them from heaven and a voice is calling gently and persuasively, "Come husband; come children; let us renew the family ties and establish the family altar where the sorrows of earth do not intrude; where

the church is triumphant over sin and death."

The funeral services over the remains of Mrs. Crittenden were held at the house on Linn street at 10 o'clock on Friday morning.

Written for the REPUBLICAN.

"Cut down like a flower."

The life of George Washington Thomas Burnside, which has hung so long upon a slender thread, has passed away. The scythe of death has severed the thread, the flower has fallen into the lap of mother earth, the spirit has returned to the God who gave it, and the perfume of its presence now makes Paradise fragrant.

Our young friend had just stepped upon the thresh-old of manhood. But from that place he could not look forward into the future and entertain high hopes of a useful, happy, and prosperous life as others of his age can do; for his health had already become permanently impaired and the prospect of a sudden, though not unprepared death, was constantly before him. Everything in him except health might well promise him success in life. For his comeliness of person, and his pleasantness of address made every one his friend, while his powers of mind were sufficient to sustain him in the performance of the duties of any calling he might choose. Yes, he was indeed "cut down like a flower." But it was not like one cut down with grass and weeds to wither on the open fields and lie forgotten, or lost; but as one of those carefully tended in a well-kept garden, and taken into "a mansion" to adorn it with its colors and to sweeten it with its odors.

He had recently become a communicant member of St. John's Protestant Episcopal church in this place, and had already manifested a deep interest in religious matters such as all of us would do well to emulate. He was the third son of Thomas and Rebecca Burnside, and was twenty-two years old. He died at the residence of his parents on Bishop street at 9:30 o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, Dec. 26th, of heart disease. He suffered much through many days, but bore his sufferings with characteristic patience. And his heart has now found ease, — ease from flesh-pain, and ease from sin-peril, — God's own answer to his earnest prayer. He has gone from our presence. But the attractiveness of his social qualities, the sweetness of his filial devotion, and the persuasiveness of his pious example will long distribute themselves in the memory of those who knew him best, and "he being dead" will yet speak to the loving relations and friends and companions he has left, and who will often "call to remembrance the unfeigned faith that was in him," and say within themselves: May the perpetual light of heaven be his.

Bellefonte, Pa., Dec. 26, 1882.

A Stabbing Affray near Snow Shoe

On Monday evening, the 25th of December, what was perhaps a fatal stabbing affray occurred at a place called Buttermilk Falls about three miles from Karthaus, in the limits of this county. A squad of Hungarians, Swedes and others have lately been engaged on the railroad in that vicinity, and several individuals have operated whiskey shops on the Clearfield side of the river. They had no license, but, nevertheless, carried on their nefarious business unmolested by the Clearfield authorities. A few days ago two of these individuals, one of them a man named Sol. Stroub, ventured to establish his whiskey shop on the Centre county side. It was at this place that a fight occurred between a Hungarian and Sol. Stroub's son, during which the Hungarian was stabbed. It was reported on Wednesday that the man was dead, but Thursday intelligence was received that he is still living. Captain Henry Montgomery and two other persons were sent to the scene of the affray to arrest the man who did the stabbing and the two men who operate the whiskey shops. The Clearfield authorities should see that the shops on that side of the river are also closed, and District Attorney Heinle has written to the district attorney of Clearfield county to that effect.

Railroad News.

An agreement has been executed between the Williamsport and Clearfield railroad Co., the Bald Eagle Valley and the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad Co., under which a railroad will be built from the mouth of Beech Creek to Snow Shoe during the next year. A contract has been made with a substantial party in New York to construct it by the 1st of September next.

The Williamsport and Clearfield company contemplate extending their road from Snow Shoe to Clearfield.

Doings at Hallsburg.

The following very acceptable items are from a valued correspondent. We hope he will write again. He says: I notice in Hallsburg Mr. Harry Stuart, one of Philipsburg's enterprising business men. He is here on a visit to his parents who reside in this valley. I hope his visit home will be a pleasant one as well as profitable to himself.

Miss Maggie Groh, the accomplished daughter of Rev. William Groh, is enlivening the village with her presence during a short vacation from the Myerstown Female College, which she has been attending. The beaming countenance of J. P. McCreary was noticed on the streets on Tuesday, the 26th.

The butchering season is about over. Mr. Weber, the "boss" cabinet maker, comes boldly to the front with a mammoth hog weighing 435 pounds. Of course, this is nothing compared with the 1400-pound hog on exhibition at Womelsdorf; but I think it will compare favorably with the best specimen of the hog family to be found in this particular part of the country.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Mingle, of Bellefonte spent Christmas at the home of Mrs. M's parents in this place. Mr. M. is one of the proprietors of Doll & Mingle's popular boot and shoe store and understands the art of enjoying himself.

There was a Christmas tree in the Lutheran church on Tuesday night, the 26th ult. Long before the commencement of the services the seating capacity was filled to overflowing and many were obliged to stand. The tree, or trees, were arranged in becoming order, with a beautiful tree in the centre, which was the main attraction. The gifts were hung in an artistic manner on the brilliantly illuminated trees. Mr. James Boyer acted as superintendent of the services. The gifts were quite numerous, a large number receiving tin rattles. The affair was a decided success, and praises are due those who gave their aid in putting up and adorning the tree.

Yours &c., FELIX.

Two Events in the G. A. R.

The election for officers (for ensuing year) in Post No. 261, on Thursday evening, December 21, resulted as follows: Austin Curtin, Commander; Alfred S. Smith, S. V. C.; James F. Weaver, J. V. C.; J. Miles Green, Q. M. R.; Rev. John A. Woodcock, Chaplain; Stanley Watson, Surgeon; William H. Musser, Officer of the Day; Samuel B. Wyland, Officer of the Guard, and James Bradley, Ordnance Officer.

All the other officers being by appointment (Adjutant, Quarter Master, Sergeant and Sergeant Major), they will not be announced until installation, which takes place in January.

The Post numbers about fifty with nineteen applications for muster. From one to four are mustered nearly every night of meeting. They use the "Scotopicon" and muster plates at muster—the only Post in the county or in this section of the State that does.

On Wednesday night, December 13 (anniversary of the Battle of Fredericksburg), a new Post of the G. A. R. was mustered at Belleville, Mifflin county. W. W. Trout, Commander of No. 176, Lewistown, was the mustering officer, assisted by a detail from No. 176; by Austin Curtin, of No. 261, Milesburg, and Dr. Theo. S. Christ, of No. 197, Lemont.

Everything passed off pleasantly notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. James M. Bulick, late Lieut. of Co. C, 45th Pa. Vols, was made commander. He suffers much from a terrible wound received at South Mountain. The Post is No. 295 and in name Lieut. J. Gilbert Beaver, of 51 P. V., killed at the storming of "Burnside Bridge," Antietam, September 17, 1862. Lieut. Beaver was a gallant soldier and an exemplary young man. He spent his boyhood days in Bellville and it is fitting that the G. A. R. Post at his old home should be called for such a man. He was Gen. James A. Beaver's only full brother.

The annual reunion of the survivors of the constitutional convention of 1872 took place at Lancaster Thursday evening, about forty members being present. What renders it of local interest to the people of this place is the fact that our popular townsman, Ex-Gov. Curtin, presided. He was again chosen President for the ensuing year. The next meeting will be held at Altoona.

Nice things are happening around the country since the Democratic victories. A headless dog made its appearance in New Jersey the other day and now comes Lafayette, Ind., with a pound and a half baby. These are fine specimens of Democratic retrenchment.

Personal Penicillings.

Mr. C. Brachbill, of Curwensville, was a Christmas visitor in Bellefonte. William, son of E. A. Tyson, of this place, is at home enjoying his school vacation.

George Potter, Jr., is making one of his periodical visits among relatives in Bellefonte.

J. C. F. Roger, Esq., was admitted to practice in the courts of Clinton county a few days ago.

Clifford Thomas, son of our well known townsman, J. V. Thomas, is at home on a holiday visit.

Mr. E. A. Pruner, of Tyrone, has recently been spending several days among friends in Bellefonte.

Prof. J. C. Meyer, assistant principal of the Bellefonte public schools, is spending his vacation at his home in Aaronsburg.

Mr. Chas. W. Scott, of Williamsport, was in town last week. He was never known to miss a Centre County Teachers' Institute. He has an eye to business.

J. G. Kurtz, Esq., of Milton, spent a few days in town last week. He carries with him a self-locking printer's galley of his own invention, which is certainly an ingenious and very useful affair and will meet with a large sale.

Mr. Al. Mallory, of Altoona, spent Christmas with his relatives in this place. He is connected with the Pennsylvania Railroad car shops in Altoona and is one of the committee of forty-eight citizens of that city who have delegated the selves to see that the municipal affairs are properly administered.

James Hughes, Jr., spent a few days hunting during last week and was so successful as to shoot the first deer he ever saw alive in the woods. He accomplished this feat the first time he shot, and was the only member of a large party who killed a deer that day. Consequently, he feels proud of the result of his first trial. His father, Rev. J. P. Hughes, has been in the woods for about two weeks past and is meeting with his usual good success.

The State Grange.

The reports which reach us show that the recent meeting of the Patrons of Husbandry, held in Harrisburg, was one of the best ever held in this State. Great harmony prevailed, and the business transacted is said, will greatly promote the efficiency of the Order. The report of the presiding officer, our fellow citizen, Leonard Rhone, Esq., was a long and carefully prepared document, and touched many points which affect the prosperity of the organization and its relation to the public at large. Its recommendations were cordially received, and all received the endorsement of the delegates present. The high esteem in which Mr. Rhone is held by his brethren was shown in his unanimous re-election to the position of Worthy Master, which he had held for the two preceding years. There are now upwards of 12,000 members connected with the granges in Pennsylvania.

Reduction of Stamped Envelopes.

Owing to a new contract made by the post office department, says an exchange, stamped envelopes will be sold to the public after the first of January at a reduction of about ten per cent present prices. The letter size of the envelope will be sold at \$1.80 per one thousand in addition to the postage. The department has also arranged to print special return request notices upon the envelope, without extra charge, when ordered in quantities of four hundred or more. The department states that "it is a fact not generally known that stamped envelopes, when spoiled through misdirection or other causes, can be exchanged for a postage stamp of the same denomination at the nearest postoffice."

The party who went to Buttermilk Falls for the purpose of arresting the persons connected with the stabbing affray in that vicinity returned on Friday without making any arrests. Sol. Stroub's son fled on Tuesday last, the day after the occurrence. They report the region to be of the wildest description and a place well favored by nature as a hiding place for fugitives from justice. Laurel bushes grow very thickly together for miles in extent, and it is impossible to see a person who may be quite near. Blood hounds seem to be the only animals to track criminals in such a region.

Sol. Stroub, the man who kept the whiskey shop at Buttermilk Falls where the stabbing affray occurred on Christmas day, has been arrested for selling whiskey without license and is now in jail. His son, William, was the man who did the stabbing, but the latter is still at large, although the authorities expect to capture him soon.

MARRIED.

GUMMO-MOORE.—On the 26th of December, at the U. B. parsonage, P. Mather, by Rev. U. Conly, Mr. A. D. Gummo and Miss Jennie S. Moore.

TRIMBLE-LEWIS.—On the 26th of December, at the residence of the bride's parents in Port Matilda, by Rev. U. Conly, Mr. C. J. Trimble and Missie B. Lewis.

MUSSEY-FORTNEY.—At the home of the bride's parents, December 19th, by Rev. Alfred Koser, Elder C. Musser and Nora Fortney, both of Ferguson township, Centre county, Pa.

ROSE-MUSSEY.—On the 21st of December, at the home of the bride's parents, by Rev. J. Alfred Koser, J. H. Rose and Adelia Musser, both of Ferguson township, this county.

BECKWITH-STIVER.—On Friday, November 24, 1882, at the residence of Samuel Hoover, Esq., by Rev. U. Conly, Mr. F. M. Beckwith and Miss Mary Stiver.

McSHERRY-LUCAS.—At the M. E. parsonage, Milesburg, on the 19th of December, the Rev. J. A. Woodcock officiating, Rev. George W. Muscherry, of East Berlin, Adams county, Pa., to Miss Dora Lucas, of Unionville, Centre county, Pa.

HENDERSON-HUNTER.—At the residence of the bride's father, Hon. Benjamin F. Hunter, of Buffalo Run, Centre, Mr. C. H. Fletcher, on the 21st of December, 1882, by Rev. W. O. Wright, Mr. Robert M. Henderson and Miss Rachel E. Hunter.

ORE-HOWIE.—At Snow Shoe, Pa., on the 23d of December, 1882, at the Snow Shoe residence of James L. Soumerville, of Bellefonte, Pa., by Rev. W. O. Wright, Mr. Alexander Orr and Miss Jane Howie.

CARRI-E-HOWIE.—At Snow Shoe, Pa., on the 23d of December, 1882, at the Snow Shoe residence of James Soumerville, of Bellefonte, Pa., by Rev. W. O. Wright, Mr. David Carr and Miss Maggie Howie.

GARDNER-BICKLE.—On the 27th of December, 1882, at the Evangelical parsonage, by Rev. J. A. Irvine, Mr. Joseph L. Gardner and Miss Amanda Bickle, all of Howard, Pa.

KRAPE-KEISTER.—On the 29th of December, at the residence of the bride's mother, by Rev. J. A. Irvine, Mr. Wm. W. Krape and Miss Emma Keister, all of Clintonville, Pa.

FLETCHER-TAYLOR.—At Howard, Centre county, on December 2, by Rev. John Stine, at the bride's residence, Mr. C. H. Fletcher and Miss E. Taylor, both of Howard.

BAER-PETERS.—At Milesburg, Pa., December 23, 1882, by Rev. W. O. Wright, Mr. James Baer of Snow Shoe, Pa., and Miss Clara Peters, of Milesburg.

CLINE-POORMAN.—At Milesburg, Pa., December 28, 1882, by Rev. W. O. Wright, Mr. Benjamin Franklin Cline and Miss Bella Poorman, all of Milesburg.

DAVIDSON-BUSH.—At the M. E. parsonage in Milesburg, on the 24th of December, 1882, by Rev. J. A. Woodcock, Mr. Grant Davidson and Miss Bertha E. Bush, both of Unionville, Centre county.

SWARTZ-STAYER.—On the 25th inst., by Rev. Max Lanz, Mr. Mitchell J. Swartz, of Clinton county, Pa., and Miss Alice Stayer, of Centre county, Pa.

Pittsburgh Markets.

CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THIS PAPER BY R. BEATTY, SON & CO.

No. 193 Liberty street, Pittsburgh, Pa., wholesale and retail. Dealers in Country Produce, Domestic and Foreign Fruit and Vegetables. Shippers and country dealers having seasonable produce, etc., for sale are invited to consign or correspond.

PITTSBURGH, PA., JANUARY 1, 1883.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

APPLES—New, choice, per bbl. \$ 75; Good 3 00; medium, 1 50; 2 00; Apple BUTTER—per gal. 50c; Apple Jelly, 50c; Butter, 25c; Eggs, 10c; Creamery, 25c; Choice Ohio, 12c; Extra Choice Ohio, 12c; Medium, 12c; Beans—Choice Navy at 3 00; Medium, 2 00; Mixed, 1 50; 2 00; 2 50; BACON—Country, clear sides, 10c; Ribs, 10c; Shoulders, 10c; BROOM CORN—Extra choice green hurl, 10c; No. 1 hurl, 10c; choice light green, 10c; inferior, 10c; CIDER—Per bbl. 00; crab apple, 00; DRIED FRUITS—Apples, sliced, 8c; do, quarters, 6c; Peaches, halves, 6c; peeled, 6c; 10c; plums, 6c; 12c; Raspberries, 10c; Foreign Fruit—Lemons, 3 00; 50c per box; Palermo Oranges, 6 00; Messina, 8 00; Mixed, 4 50c; EGGS—Strictly fresh, 22c; SEEDS—Timothy, per bushel, 2 00; Clover, 3 00; 2 50; 2 00; VINEGAR—Choice Wine and Malt, 25c; per gal.; Country 12c; per gal., as to quality.

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

VEGETABLES—Potatoes, 50c; per bush; Bananas, 2 00; 4 00; per bunch; Tomatoes, 1 50; 2 00; per bbl.; Sweet Potatoes, Jersey, 3 00; 2 50; 2 00; 1 50; 1 00; Cranberries, 4 75; 50c per box; 15c; 00c per bbl.

GROCERIES.

GREEN COFFEE—Fancy Rio, per lb. 12c; do, 11c; Prime Rio, 10c; Good Rio, 9c; Ordinary, 8c; Java, 20c; ROASTED COFFEE—In paper, per lb. 14c; 14c; lower grades, 12c; 12c; 11c; 10c; Java, paper, 24c; Java, bulk, 20c; SUGARS—Standard A, per lb. 8c; Windward, 7c; Fair, 6c; 5c; 4c; 3c; 2c; 1c; Molasses, Yellow, 10c; Granulated, 9c; Powdered, 8c; Crushed, low, 7c; Cut Loaf, 5c; SYRUPS—Choice Maple Flavored, 35c; Prime Maple Flavored, 30c; Choice Sugar Syrup, 40c; Prime Sugar Syrup, 50c; Good Sugar Syrup, 45c; Black Strap, 24c; RICE—Bangkok, per lb. 9c; 6c; Carolina, 6c; NEW ORLEANS MOLASSES—Choice, 50c; Strictly Prime, 50c; Prime, 50c; TIBB—Young, 25c; 00; Imperial, 35c; Japan, 25c; Oolong, 22c; Souchong, 22c.

GRAIN, FLOUR, FEED, ETC.

FLOUR—Fancy family (spring and winter) 7 00; 6 00; 5 00; 4 00; 3 00; 2 00; 1 00; 00; Fancy Family, White, Amber and Winter, 6 00; 5 00; 4 00; 3 00; 2 00; 1 00; 00; XX Family (choice red winter), 5 25; 4 00; XX Family (medium winter), 5 00; 4 00; XXX Bakers' (Minnesota), 6 25; 5 00; XX Bakers' (Wisconsin), 6 00; 5 00; Cornmeal, 50c; 40c; 30c; 20c; 10c; RYE—Fancy, 4 00; 3 00; 2 00; 1 00; 00; HAY—Prime Timothy, baled, at 16 00; 15 00; per ton; Prime new, Loose, 12 00; 10 00; Prairie, 9 00; 8 00; 7 00; 6 00; 5 00; 4 00; 3 00; 2 00; 1 00; 00; CAYOGE, ground, per ton, 7 00; Nova Scotia ground, per ton, 9 00.

Bellefonte Markets.

Bellefonte, January 2, 1883.

Wheat—No. 1, per bushel, \$1 00; Wheat—No. 2, per bushel, 90c; Rye per bushel, 70c; Corn (shelled), 60c; Oats (shelled), 45c; Clovered, 5 00; 4 00; 3 00; 2 00; 1 00; 00; Flour, retail, per barrel, 6 00; Flour, wholesale, 5 75; Buckwheat, 50c.

HAY AND STRAW.

Hay, choice timothy, per ton, \$10 00; Hay, mixed, per ton, 8 00; Long ryegrass, baled, per ton, 10 00; Short straw per ton, 6 00; 8 00.

PLASTER.

Cayoga, ground, per ton, 7 00; Nova Scotia ground, per ton, 9 00.

Provision Market.

Corrected by Valentines & Co.

Apples, dried, per pound, 7c; Cherries, dried, per pound, 8c; Beans per quart, 5c; Fresh butter per pound, 30c; Chickens per piece, 25c; Cheese per pound, 15c; Country hams per piece, 15c; Hams, sugar cured, 19c; Country Bacon, 15c; Lard per pound, 10c; Eggs per doz., 12c; Potatoes per bushel, new, 90c; Dried beef, 20c; Wilson's pressed beef per pound, 12c; Canned tomatoes per can, 12c; Lemons per doz., 45c; Dried sweet corn per pound, 12c.